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After a Litho.

PATRICK O'KELLY
OF THE COUNTY GALWAY.

*Sweet Bard! sweet Lake! congenial shall your fame
The rays of genius and of beauty claim,
Nor vainly claim: for who can read and view
And not confess O'KELLY'S pencil true.*

THE
HIPPOCRENE:

A COLLECTION OF

Apprentices,

BY PATRICK O'KELLY, ESQ.

"Æsægi monumentum, ære perennius."

"E'en Mangerton himself shall melt away,
Ere the production of the Muse decay."

DUBLIN:

T. AND S. COURTNEY,

Printers,

18, WHITEFRIAR-STREET.

1831.

92

George the Fourth

AND THE

Poet.

When his Majesty was in Ireland, our countryman, the Poet, PATRICK O'KELLY, Esq. of the county Galway, waited on him at the Phoenix Park. His majesty, when Prince of Wales, having subscribed his name for 50 copies, the Poet took that opportunity to deliver his work; he was announced to the KING by Sir BENJAMIN BLOOMFIELD, who ordered the Baronet to hand the Poet £50, which Sir BENJAMIN accordingly did. Mr. O'KELLY, declined accepting it, declaring that he would rather see his Majesty, than receive the money, and requested Sir BENJAMIN to say so, which was complied with; the KING ordered him to be introduced—when admitted to the Royal presence, his Majesty received him most graciously, hoped he was well, and then observed, "that Mr. O'KELLY was lame, as well as LORD BYRON." And "Sir WALTER SCOTT too" said Mr. O'KELLY, "and why should not the Irish Bard be similarly honoured for—

If God one member has oppress'd,
He 's made more perfect all the rest."

The Marquis of CONYNGHAM, who was present, requested Mr. O'KELLY to express himself extempore on Lord BYRON, Sir W. SCOTT and himself, to which the Poet readily replied in the following impromptu:—

Three Poets for three sister kingdoms born,
One for the Rose, another for the Thorn,
One for the SHAMROCK, which will ne'er decay,
While Rose and Thorn must yearly fade away.

At which the KING and his Court laughed heartily.—

Edinburgh Gazette.

TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND WARLIKE
MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA,

THE FOLLOWING POEMS

Are Dedicated

WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION,

BY HIS OBLIGED

AND FAITHFUL

SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

"*O dulce decus !*" thou art mine,
What can I more or less say :
"*Præsidium!*" pillar of the NINE,
Illustrious chief! ANGLESEA !!

Hodges 29 Dec. 1921

STANZAS

TO PATRICK O'KELLY, ESQ.

On reading his *Hippocrene*.

—————Take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.

SHAKSPEARE.

I.

The hue that shines on the butterfly's wing,
When he revels among the flowers,—
Colours as bright as the sky of the Spring,
Whose beauty and pomp know not with'ring,
Sougs——most fervid powers——
All in brightness and brilliancy drest,
Are here in O'KELLY's book exprest.

II

His *Volume* is wrought of radiant things,
Not known from the shapes of earth,—
Vivid and glowing imaginings,
The Lava flood of thought which springs
From a fount of heav'nly birth—
Like the rainbow tints of the varying year,
In this *mysterious* work appear!

III.

The breathings of harmony that rose
On MOORE's fam'd Indian Sea!—
His Music-sighs at evening's close,
Were not so silvery sweet, as those,
O'KELLY! breath'd by thee!
What are his Bendemeer roses and pearls
Compared with thy scourging of Lordlings and Earls!

Trinity College.

PHILO-MOUSIOS.

TESTIMONY TO MR. O'KELLY'S

Being the original writer of his Poem upon

KILLARNEY.

Having had the pleasure of being introduced to MR. O'KELLY, during his northern tour, he shewed me, *par hazard*, a Poem on Killarney, claimed by one Michael M'Carthy, Teacher Kinsale; and by him dedicated to the Rt. Hon. the late Lord Kinsale; but which, except a few lines in the beginning, (and God knows where they came from,) are to be found, line for line, and word for word, in Mr. O'Kelly's delightful POEM. The fellow in his dedication, talks with the utmost drollery, of his first becoming an *Author*, and of his "*unwillingness to expose himself to his Lordship's derision and contempt*," after having transcribed 840 lines for his own use, out of another person's poem!! *such unblushing, such glaring effrontery* is surely unparalleled. O'Kelly would not condescend to notice him, yet the fellow deserves a castigation. The following lines may induce some abler hand to inflict that punishment which he so justly deserves, who could not only *steal a Poem* and circulate it in his own Country, but (as I am informed,) go to England and dispose of the Copy-right of it there!! Mr. O'Kelly rode 20 miles to see the *Gentleman*, but the *craven plagiarist* would not make his appearance! Mr. O'Kelly's Killarney was published in 1791,—M'Carthy's robbery in 1816.

I am Sir, your's respectfully;

HUGH HARKIN.

THE PLAGIARIST, OR THE DAW DEPLUMED.

"Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honorem."

HOM.

Hail Mickey Carty!!—*Prince of Pirates* hail!
 Hail *pedant, poetaster* of Kinsale,
 Hail poacher, pedagogue! and once more hail,
 Prime, peerless, plagiarist of poor Kinsale!!
 Proud, perking Daw, the peacock's painted tail,
 Lent plumes to deck the chatt'rer of Kinsale!!!
 Poor, purblind, putid, pseudo poet, tell,
 Do Giants' garbs suit puny pigmies well?—
 But cease this bitter badinage, my muse,
 Nor treat the reptile with deserved abuse!
 Yet in true light the wretch should stand display'd,
 This wholesale dealer in the *thieving* trade!
 Who could, and not a twinge of conscience feel,
 Eight hundred verses from another steal!—
 Unhappy wight!—what tempted thee to stray,
 So far beyond the bounds of honor's way!
 What vain illusion urged thee to assume,
 Poor, worthless Daw!—the tow ring Eagle's plume:
 Thoughtst thou that death had closed O'Kelly's eyes,
 That fate had snatched him to his native skies;
 That you, like heated Vampire, fell and dread,
 Might gorge the marrow of the mighty dead!
 Oh! not for all that wealth or fame bestows,
 Would I have felt the bitter, burning throes,
 Which conscious shame, detected meanness bring,
 To fools who claim what tuneful Poets sing.
 Oh! what a state of mind thy face betray'd,
 When robb'd O'Kelly, call'd upon *his shade*!!
 The following fable represents the case,
 Then, *apropos* we'll give the lines a place.—
 "An Ass, the dullest of the long eared race,
 (*The lion absent at the glorious chase* :)

Assum'd the kingly dignity and bray'd,
 His dulcet mandates wondering beasts obey'd.—
 But soon returning from the sylvan plains,
 The lordly beast his ancient right regains;
 His hairy subjects hiss the ass away,
 And wonder how they yielded to his sway.
 Thus ever hooted, hated and forgot,
 Be thieves, and prince of thieves, M'Carthy's lot!
 Behold, where soaring to the eyrie's height,
 The greedy vulture wheels his stealthy flight,
 With bold, rapacious daring bears away,
 The royal offspring as his lawless prey;
 Fondles the brood,—adopts the kingly race,
 Nor dreams of punishment, nor dreads disgrace!
 Yet fir'd by instinct, eaglets find no rest,
 Within the confines of a vulture's nest:
 But with the lofty bearing of their sire,
 They spurn the sordid sty, with noble ire;
 They soar aloft, like followers of true fame,
 And claim the royal nest from whence they came.
 Too proud to stay, too strong to bear control,
 All strength in limb, all energy in soul.
 Thus pounced M'Carthy on O'Kelly's strains,
 Thus fed the blockhead on the Poet's brains;
 Thus for a time impostures pass'd for fame,
 And gain'd the would-be bard a splendid name!
 But soon the mist of error clears away,
 And truth's bright sun reanimates the day:
 M'Carthy's borrow'd plumes are spread in vain,
 And wrong'd O'Kelly reasserts his reign!
 King of the THRONE, whose wild enraptur'd lays,
 Swell loud and high in sweet Kiharney's praise!

Coleraine, 13th June, 1826.

TO P. O'KELLY, Esq.

Hail Bard! of the "Emerald Isle,"
 All-hail to the son of the muses!
 May pleasure or poetry's smile,
 Ne'er brighten his day that refuses
 To add a fresh spring to the wreath,
 That gracefully circles thy brow,
 Where taste swears for ever to breathe,
 And talent approves of the vow.
 I've dwelt with delight on the lays,
 Which paint to the fanciful eye,
 In colours so striking the rays
 That gild, sweet Killarney!—thy sky.
 With thee, have I ranged through the grove,
 And climbed lofty MANGERTON's steep;
 Have mixed with the rowers and strove
 For fame on the breast of the deep!
 With breathless attention I followed,
 The high-panting stag thro' the brake,
 And my heart sunk, as wild echo hallowed
 His last hope—his plunge in the lake!
 I swam with the fear stricken beast,—
 Saw the heavy tear roll from his eye,
 Felt the throb of despair swell my breast,
 As he mournfully heaved the deep sigh!
 O'er thy Causeway delighted I stray,
 Fresh beauties burst forth on my view,
 Each scene brightens up in thy lays
 And I count all its wonders anew!
 Yet, I sigh, with regret, when I think,
 That the Muse which could wing such a flight,
 Should so shortly be tempted to sink
 From her envied—her eminent height!
 Adieu!—(yet I hardly forgive,
 For a niggard to us thou hast been,)
 The Muse bids O'Kelly to live
 In the Causeway's astonishing scene!

But tho' lines from a masterly hand,
 In every bold feature we find,
 You might yet make the canvass expand,
 By the magical force of thy mind.

Coleraine, 12th June, 1826.

HUGH HARKIN.

Hail pride of Alga! Bard of ERIN, hail!
 Fame-faring Poet—scourge of Doneraile!
 Hail thou, the Muses' highly-favored son,
 The Poet, Scholar, Patriot met in one!
 Hail thou, whose talents cast a gleam of light,
 Which brightens *Innis Alga's** somb'reous night,
 Whose genius brilliant spark, from nature's fire,
 Sweeps smooth and strong, across the trembling wire!
 Hail, minstrel, hail! whose soft, whose dulcet strains,
 Spread such delight o'er Erin's thousand plains!
 Whose magic notes can make her sons forget,
 The deep disgrace—the wounds that gail them yet!
 Whose sweet persuasive Muse can heal the smart
 Of cruel persecution's poison'd dart!
 Can teach them to forget, enwrapt in song,
 The curs'd remembrance of their Country's wrong:
 And with the bearing bold, and eagle eye,
 Of freemen, gaze on freedom's dazzling sky!
 Welcome from glowing Munster's classic plains!
 Welcome to sober Ulster's simple awains!
 Welcome again!!—Northern hearts can feel,
 The force of friendship, with a Poet's zeal,
 Have heads, that can appreciate parts like thine,
 Which can, and do admire, thy gifts divine!
 And tho' that hate may, here, not strike thy view,
 Which stamps, thy Munster's crimes and virtues too;
 Yet, trust me you shall find that mental worth
 Is not a stranger to the cold "Black North!"

* Ireland in the days of Antiquity, was known by the honorary name of *Innis-Alga*, which signifies the noble Island,—and also *Hicman* and *Innis-Alga*,—the happy and the noble Island.

Then let me beg, if e'er in lofty strain,
 Thy Muse shall prompt thy pen to write "Coleraine,"
 That no demoniac genius shall prevail,
 Oh, learn to spare!!—Remember Doneraile!!!

HUGH HARKIN.

TO MR. O'KELLY,

ON HIS POETICAL ADDRESS OF THE CELEBRATED

LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

KILLARNEY, theme of many a tuneful tongue,
 To genius dear, and long by genius sung:
 Hail now thy waters!—hail thy rural charms!—
 Where nature blooms, and gen'rous friendship warms;
 Drawn by O'KELLY's bold, descriptive *muse*,
 What BARD to thee can honest fame refuse?—
 His flowing strains to future time shall tell
 Those heav'nly scenes his pencil paints so well.
 Long had thy streams uncelebrated shone,
 Or half untold, till amply now made known.
 Thy youthful *muse* whose sterling periods roll
 Free as thy waves, and catch th' impassion'd soul,
 Shall live in fame, like MANINGTON's firm base,
 And stamp thy scenes in characters of brass.
 Thrice, happy spot! how blissful is thy doom,
 Ordain'd, thro' future centuries to bloom!
 Thy beardless BARD, and thou alike shall live,
 While he and Nature elegantly give
 Those lasting colours, envy must admire,
 To mark thy Landscapes with a Poet's fire.
 His Heav'n-taught numbers shall thy charms impart,
 And all thy views impress on ev'ry heart.
 Sweet BARD!—sweet LAKE!—congenial shall your fame,
 The rays of genius and of beauty claim,
 Nor vainly claim;—for who can read and view,
 And not confess O'KELLY's pencil true?—

Hark! in his chase, thy woods—thy waves resound!
 The horn re-echoes to the deep-mouth'd hound!
 Thrice, happy BARD! to thee how just belong
 The rays of truth, of genius, and of song.
 Thine, is each happy transport of the soul,
 Thine, is each honied period long to roll,
 And twine around the feelings of the breast,
 Blest in thy friendship—in thy numbers blest.
 Then be what may the colour of my days,
 Take—take O'KELLY, this unpurchas'd praise.
 The lasting test—the only proof to tell,
 Tho' fortune sever'd, that I lov'd thee well.

B.C.

Dublin, 1791.

TO MR. O'KELLY.

That wit's a commodity, all men would deal in,
 And most of its venders are likely to fail in,
 The trade is so slack and its progress so slow;
 Go de rín don tã ro, nac mbaínean ré dõ?
 And tho' sterling genius is rare to be found,
 And blockheads in sense, are more fulsome in sound;
 The bays are still ap'd by the tribe high and low,
 Go de rín, &c.
 Yet each man's a Critic, as fancy persuades him,
 And dulness perverts, and false judgment misleads him
 To prove that an Ass a Longinus may grow
 Go de rín, &c.
 The dull doating Cit in amassing a plumb,
 Who knows no fixed rule, but the rough rule of thumb,
 The tribe of Parnassus can hack to and fro
 Go de rín, &c.
 The squireling divided 'twixt Reynard and Puss,
 In rhyming and reasoning, makes such a fuss,
 As if all the muses he would tallyho,
 Go de rín, &c.
 The Lawyer, the Parson, the Soldier, and Tar,
 Tho' widely contrasted in unison are
 To model the bold and correct him also!
 Go de rín, &c.

The rough rotten Drover, who struts as he speeds,
And is a true type of the swine that he feeds,
In fountain Pierian would scrub a foul toe,
Go be rí, &c.

The sage of Stagira, as well as Dacier,
In writing and judging tho' candid and clear,
The palm must resign to the Belle and the Beau
Go be rí, &c.

But wit is a talent that few can discern,
And most of its teachers want genius to learn :
For 'tis from pure nature that either can flow,
Go be rí, &c.

So if the poor Bard should on reason rely,
And maxims imperious in season deny,
In hoping to please and to prosper also.
Go be rí, &c.

For critics will cavil with cause and without,
And dulness bewilder in darkness and doubt,
Their fame to establish and learning to show,
Go be rí, &c.

Yet men of sound judgment, of candour and taste,
Applaud not too slowly, or censure in haste,
The beauties they see—or the blunders they know,
Go be rí, &c.

Then cheer up O'KELLY, despise the dull throng ;
Let nature improv'd, give a zest to thy song,
For merit will rise in despite of its foe !
Go be rí, &c.

TO THE DUNCE OF DONERAILE.

Ye pigmy wits, with noddles void of brain,
Who ape at Love and gen'rous Nature's strain !
Ye bastard Bards ! ye noisy scribbling Fry !!
Ye creeping insects, shoot your stings and die :
For vain your silly efforts, vain I tell ye,
To fling your filthy fustian at O'KELLY !!!

Dublin, 8th November, 1830.

J. R. C.

KILLARNEY,

AN

Epic Poem.



HAIL, sweet KILLARNEY ! Queen of Lakes, all-hail !
Thy cloud-topt Mountain ! and thy flow'ry Vale !
Thy blooming Groves ! and amaranthine Shades !
Thy smooth Meanders ! and enchanting Glades !—
Hail, fair *Lough-Lene* ! to thee my strains belong !
Thou best Inspirer of my infant song.
To thee my Muse devotes her tuneful praise,
Thy vales *Elysian*, consecrate her lays !—
Hail !—ever hail ! like *Rome's* fam'd *Tiber* live,
If aught of fame these simple strains can give !
The Muse enraptur'd feels unwonted fires ;
And to thy praise on eager wing aspires !
Thro' thy enchanting labyrinth she roves,
In maze luxuriant, thro' thy heav'nly Groves,
With sacred warmth inspir'd she moves along,
In solemn pace, and meditates the song.
Now, thro' the blooming park, where playful fawns,
In crowded herds, skip o'er the verdant lawns,
Her eye explores each sweet romantic scene,
Where Nature's pencil ting'd a golden mien.
Transported next to MANGERTON she flies,
Whose tow'ring heights half reach the vaulted skies !
HENCE, low-laid MUCRUSS she surveys all o'er ;
MUCRUSS, where Nature lavish'd all her store—
MUCRUSS—whose sweets so scent the flow'ry plain,
Methinks lost *Eden* here revives again !

Hence flies the Muse to *Carnane's* spicy bow'rs,
 And view its lawns, impearl'd with vernal show'rs :
 Here playful zephyrs all their fragrance steal,
 And *Ceylon's* odours swim in ev'ry gale.
 To grove-crown'd *Glenn*, next the Muse takes wing,
 Where feather'd songsters hail eternal spring ;
 Where ev'ry prospect animates the soul,
 And Fancy banquets free of all controul.
 Now, to *Dunloe's* care-soothing shades, she flies ;
Dunloe—whose groves perfume the neighb'ring skies,
 Thro' which the *Lewn's* smooth, silver current flows,
 While the rich landscape on its border glows !
 Oft on these banks fair *Angelina* stood,
 More fair than *Venus* rising from the flood.
 Till her bright form to love and grief a prey,
 Droop'd like a fading rose, and died away !
 Onward she moves to rising *Aughadoe*, [hue !
 Whose proud, rough rocks, appear'd with blood-stain'd
 What war-like chiefs (as long traditions tell)
 In early days, on this fair summit fell !
 'Contention's sanguinary rage here sway'd,
 And all the plain one purple current made !
 Hence, her next flight, to those *Aonian* shades,
 Where murm'ring *Flesk* meanders thro' the meads !
 Here hap'ly pois'd, on Fancy's airy wing,
 She eyes those beauties which she pants to sing !
 HAIL, sacred vale ! enraptur'd we survey
 Thy scenes romantic, and thy flow'ry way.
 Oh ! smile propitious, Heav'n descended Choir !
 And my fond breast with all your warmth inspire !
 Ye *Nymphs*, ye *Naiads*, teach me here to please,
 Ye echoing vallies, harmonize my lays !
 Bring with you *Fancy*, and their airy train,
 To trace the mountains, and her summits gain !
 The *Dryad's* haunt—and where the sportive fawns
 Range thro' the woods, the vallies and the lawns !

Enchanting *Graces* join the heavenly throng,
 To see *Killarney's Wanders*!—bloom in song!
 Whose blissful scenes would THOMPSON'S numbers claim,
 O'er *Windsor* tow'ring in poetic fame.

FROM yonder height fair Nature's prospect take,
 And view, at once, the beauties of the *Lake*,
 Whence *Lene's* wide wat'ry realms are amply seen,
 Her hills—her groves—her woods—her vallies green.
 Great *Mangerton*, high-tow'ring o'er the rest,
 With aspect rude, with wild and savage breast;
 O'er whose proud peak th' Atlantic vapours fly,
 Whilst in his womb unfathom'd waters lie.
 The tow'ring hills, that menace southern skies;
 That fill the mind with wonder and surprize;
 From roaring tempests keep this valley free,
 A mild retreat for all the *Nine*—and ME!—
 What heav'nly Landscapes meet our wond'ring eyes!
 In what confusion distant mountains rise!
 These to the west, with less aspiring height,
 In soft gradations steal upon the sight!
 Now, like the sun eclips'd in clouds they lie;
 Now, o'er their woody sides, the vapours fly;
 The mists dispell'd—the clouds ethereal blown,
 See o'er the vale a bright reflection thrown!
 The glitt'ring sun-beams thro' the Islands play,
 Silver the hills, and make the vallies gay!

NEXT, we thro' velvet fields, our journey take,
 Where *Flesk* rolls on impetuous to the Lake,
 Delightful views—bewitching scenes appear!—
 There, sunny hills—and tall plantations here!
 Now on his winding flow'ry banks we tread,
 Where time-crown'd trees their hoary honours spread;
 Thro' deep-sunk woods, we take our pensive road;
 Now, thro' the vale—and, now the rising ground—
 Inspire, Oh Muse!—what numbers can recount,
 Each rosy prospect smiling on each mount!

The frisking lambkins on each side are seen,
 And prowling eagles hover o'er the green ;
 While the blithe milk-maid chaunts in artless strain,
 And the glad shepherd whistles o'er the plain.

BEHOLD yon *Hamlet* o'er the Lake ascend—
 Where stately oaks o'er beechen beauty bend—
 Here CYCLOPS' sons once urg'd the pond'rous toil,
 First taught by VULCAN in the *Lemnian Isle*,
 (So poets tell, and here the Muse would draw
 Poetic fancy from poetic law ;)
 Unwieldy hammers, of enormous size,
 Forc'd by loud cataracts alternate rise ;
 Meet the bold surge—while yet beneath their sway,
 The mines rough-stubborn offspring must obey.

At length, arrived at MANGERTON's proud peak,
 We view each promontory, bay and creek.
 Hail, lofty MANGERTON, commanding pile !
 Hail second ATLAS of IERNE's Isle !
 'Tis thine to awe—and yet delight the eye,
 Stupendous wild !—majestically high !—
 Compar'd with thee, the groves their awe forsake,
 And cloud-capt TURK sinks level with the Lake !
 Lo ! BANTRY's bay—and GLENEROW appear !,
 Adorn'd with all the blessings of the year !
 Here every man reigns monarch of his mind ;
 Replete with sense, accomplish'd and refin'd ;
 Here great O'SULLIVAN, chief of all the West,
 Rul'd once the coast, with peace and plenty blest,
 See SKELLIG's chalky sides, 'mid surges rise,
 And dreadful waves, in mountains, reach the skies !
 Here boist'rous breaking billows ever roar,
 And, in harsh thunders, lash th' obstructing shore !—
 Onward we stretch, to *Dingle's* dreadful main,
 Where lies a rock, *destructive once to Spain* !
 Here Commerce, spreading all her ample stores,
 Pours distant wealth on these dread craggy shores !

Wafts *Gallia's* treasures instant to our view,
CHINA's rich gems—and *Ingots* of PERU.

APPROACH we next old VENTRY's bloody strand,
Where Myriads fell by fierce PELLONA's hand !
Where hills of heroes slain, oppress'd the ground
And bones gigantic pav'd the valley round !
Here DARIAS DON that mighty monarch fell,
By FIN M'CUIL (as old historians tell)
While his huge brother fell'd by OSCAR's hand,
A lifeless corse ensanguin'd all the strand !

Now *Glenegalt* full rises to the view,
'The fam'd asylum of the love-sick crew,
This their resort, in crowds the hapless made :
And sought the covert of its dreary shade.

BEHOLD *Tralee* ! and yonder rising mount,
Where *Health's* young goddess holds her crystal fount !
Whence fell *Pandora's* num'rous evils fly,
And all return with health—who fear to die.

ON to the beach, where BRANDON's billows roar,
Where the rude torrents still assail the shore ;
BRANDON, which guards this fair Hesperian coast,
Whose vast tall height sinks till in ocean lost !—

SEE BALLY-HEIGH ! where winds and waves engage
And surges buffet, with eternal rage,
Here *Neptune*, daily rolls his angry store,
And ships and sailors scatter on the shore !

ON to the Capes, we boldly bend our way,
Where SHANNON rolls his treasures to the sea.
Delightful view !—with blessings pregnant o'er !
Where floating forests crowd the busy shore :
Brought by that wealth, and that fair lordly tide,
Whence LIMERICK's ample commerce is supplied.
Sweet LIMERICK ! rise in fortune as in fame,
And future bards perpetuate thy name !
Still bloom in song—still spread thy fortunes wide,
Thou gen'rous seat of MUNSTER's glorious pride.

O mighty MANGERTON! with wonder crown'd,
 What a vast pool is in thy vortex found?
 Lodg'd here, in azure clouds, for ages stood
 A spacious lake, unconscious of a flood,
 'Till tasteful HERBERT op'd thy wat'ry store,
 And made rich cat'racts down thy bosom roar!
 Loudly they roll, majestic to the sight,
 Proud endless prospects of sublime delight.
 With awe-struck eyes, thy summit we survey,
 Where *Sol's* bright beams first usher'd in the day;
 To light's fair source our fervent vows we send,
 And, hailing Heav'n, with grateful steps descend.

THE beauteous MUCRUSS next, our view salutes,
 Where rich *Pomona* pours her golden fruits!
 Here, various flow'rs, disclose their various dyes,
 And with their fragrance fill surrounding skies;
 Here, the *Arbutus* rears its verdant head,
 Whose sweets eternal Nature's bounties spread;
 That from each branch celestial odours give,
 And bid health, youth, and human vigour live.
 Union tho' rare!—still here at once display,
 The bleak *December*, and the flow'ry *May*.—
 See Nature there, in blooming dress, appear
 The finest col'rings of the vary'd year!
 New glories rise alternate to the eye
 And ev'ry shade exceeds a Tyrian dye.
 Embosom'd parks, display'd in ev'ry grove,
 And ev'ry shade re-echoes strains of love.

SEE yonder mansion, in majestic pride,
 With courtly turrets, verging o'er the tide,
 As a great chief, uplifted in his car,
 From a proud summit, views th' embattled war;
 So the steep pile commands the happy vale,
 By worth establish'd—scented by each gale.
 While Nature's hand her bounteous aid bestows,
 And all around each bliss enchanting glows!

Pass onward still ! what beauties rise to view,
 Transporting scenes, and objects ever new ?
 Where sky-embracing oaks their boughs display,
 Where purling streams, along the meadows, play ;
 What blooming forests skirt the western skies !
 And from each grove ARABIA'S sweets, arise !
 Some shield the lake from SOL'S meridian beams,
 Some veil the walk, and some the purling streams ;
 While the glad birds with throats harmonious sing,
 And, with their strains, make groves and vallies ring.
 See woods implanted round the peaceful tide !
 Wide spread their branches, and their verdure wide,
 See shrubs perfum'd, projecting o'er the deep !
 See others rise, and crown the rocky steep !
 Here deeply hid, the latent treasures lie,
 Conceal'd in Earth from man's exploring eye,
 And richest marble swells the pregnant ground,
 While deep beneath the golden ore is found.—
 What heav'nly landscapes, here bewitch the soul !
 What foaming torrents down each summit roll !
 Th' impetuous streams thro' rock-grown vallies break
 Their rapid course, then sink into the Lake !

HERE 'TURK looks down with his terrific mien,
 On this fond spot—this ever-sacred scene:
 Nature here plac'd this rugged-rocky pile,
 (Ah ! what a contrast to each wave-girt isle !)
 His awful brows the roaring tempests meet,
 Rocks on his sides, and waters at his feet !

TELL me, O Muse ! what landscape can be found,
 What sweet Elysium, or what fairy ground ;
 What heav'n-blest spot, expanding fancy's soul
 Can equal this ?—where found from pole to pole ?—
 Go, view VERSAILLES—go travel Europe round,—
 Returning, own a MUCRUSS can't be found !
 A monarch's wealth may raise a FONTAINBLEAU !
 But 'tis for Nature MUCRUSS' pride to show !

WHAT solemn silence reigns, while here we stray,
 To yonder shade o'er-shadowing the day !

Hail moss-grown cloisters ! and ye vaults decay'd !
 Dare we attempt your dark embosom'd shade ?
 High Heav'n direct our foot-steps, as we tread,
 The silent, mould'ring mansions of the dead !
 A time there was, when they with life were blest,
 (And time shall be, when we like these shall rest.)

Deep in the shade, impervious to the skies,
 A venerable pile, in ruin, lies !
 To whose dark sides the moss and ivy cling,
 And Sorrow's notes, in plaintive murmurs, ring.

WITHIN these gothic walls, behold a yew,
 Which on surrounding graves, distils its dew !
 Behold its trunk, long with'ring down with age,
 Where midnight owls their future ills presage ;
 Where humming beetles unmolested roam !
 Where sluggish bats erect their silent home !
 Where the slow snail crawls o'er the blanching bone,
 And dewy damps consume the living stone !
 Where slow dull reptiles creep along the wall,
 And frightful ghosts the human mind appal !
 Where polish'd columns swell with sculptur'd stones ;
 With time-worn epitaphs and wither'd bones !
 The silent graves invite us from the walls !
 The stately urn our fix'd attention calls !
 Slowly we pass, in melancholy state,
 And mov'd, survey the mould'ring heaps of fate !
 Here, some fam'd chiefs, in fretted arches, lie,
 Whose virtuous deeds forbid their names to die.
 A rosy virgin lies, beneath *this tomb*,
 Snatch'd by Death's hand, in beauty's fairest bloom !
 Here, too, the youth, beneath this speaking slate,
 Who mourn'd, in vain, young *Emma's* early fate !
 Lo ! here the sage, confounded with the boor !
 And here the feeling patron of the poor !
 Here a dull prelate—there a member see,
 Whose proud oppression, Heav'n keep far from me !
 Here rests a lord, and there, promiscuous lies
 The meek—the vain—the ignorant—the wise !

And, in some years (as in some years we must,)
 Like these alas ! return to native dust :
 Let us explore each avenue of life,
 Return to Nature's *God*—and shrink from future strife !
 For what avails all human pride can bring,
 Death grasps alike the beggar and the king !
 Pride and Ambition from their thrones must fall,
 And universal chaos bury all !—

HENCE we to *Carnane* our fair journey take ;
 See, on her banks, the treasures of the Lake !
 The finny race how num'rous on the shore !
 No angler's art attempts the boundless store.
 Sweet *Carnane* fair !—thou blooming, blest retreat !
 Where learned *Herbert* holds his blisful seat :—
 Herbert the kind the hospitable friend,
 Whose genial virtues all the Nine commend :
 Whose happy *Partner* gains each gen'rous heart,
 Good, without pride, “and easy without art.”
 How oft thro' their fair meadows have I stray'd,
 And made thee, muse, my fav'rite of the shade !
 How oft, by turns, we learn'd to melt and glow,
 At acts of friendship, and at tales of woe !
 How fondly has my raptur'd fancy, there,
 Rais'd rich, proud, tow'ring castles in the air !—
 Farewell, sweet *Carnane* !—lovely spot adieu !—
 While we our journey to *Ross-isle* pursue !

SEE yonder pile ! for ages known to fame,
 Which to the wealthy island gives the name !
 Hemm'd in by gentle *Flesk*, that round it flows,
 To guard the castle from its country's foes !
 What numbers here untimely met their fall ;
 Before this great, this siege-defying wall !
 What thund'ring canuon on the ramparts stood ?
 What chieftains fell ? what vales were stain'd with blood ?
 What shocks has not this bulwark long sustain'd ?
 What God-like heroes in the castle reign'd ?

Here great *O'Donoghue*, theme of antient tale,
 Long sway'd the sceptre o'er the happy vale!
 What herds of deer along this valley stray'd!
 What fleecy flocks long deck'd the prosp'rous mead!
 What champing steeds! what hunters and what hounds!
 Dar'd the strong flood, and scour'd the marshy grounds!
 Hail'd *Mangerton*, and swept their mazy rounds!
 Within his walls each day, as poets tell
 Beneath the steel an ox, enormous, fell!
 To cheer the stranger was his princely board,
 With richest viands hospitably stor'd;
 To Bards his gen'rous bounty knew no end,
 Himself, of learning and the muse, the friend;
 And all *Mamonia's* Kings in days of yore,
 With yearly tribute swell'd his regal store.

Now to yon shades, where shrubs spontaneous rise,
 And clouds of fragrance scent the balmy skies,
 We urge our footsteps where the love-lorn dove
 Coos o'er the glade, pathetic tales of love;
 While the fond shepherd tunes his rural lay,
 And blushing *Daphne* rivals op'ning *May*.
 See yonder woods their treasur'd vaults unfold!
 Where cavern'd miners toil for tempting gold,
 Who from the deep emit rich mineral ore,
 And crown'd with plenty, labour still for more.
 Where sapping slowly, thro' the winding cave,
 They meet, too oft, a dark untimely grave!
 Ah! man, how long shall gold attract thy hand,
 To peril's vault, to desolate the land?
 Gold, that to ravage, serves a tyrant's cause,
 To trample justice, and subvert the laws!
 But hap'ly plac'd in *Equity's* fair hand,
 Spreads peace and plenty o'er a thriving land!
 Thus, does corruption gain her fawning tribes,
 And pseudo-patriots are seduced by bribes!
 The world's idolaters—tam'd Nature's rod,
 Who cringe to *Man*, regardless of their *God*.

Who hunt out gold as tigers hunt their prey,
 Promise, to break—and flatter, to betray!—

COME, now, soft muse! sweet *Innisfallen* sing,
 Come, mem'ry come! and stretch thy fancy's wing:
 For fill'd with all *Apollo's* young desire,
 We next for thee, fond Island, string the lyre!
 Here sacred *Monks*, of deep-embosom'd lore,
 Cloister'd an abbey on this woody shore!
 Where pious *Priests*, with heav'nly thoughts inspir'd,
 From noise, from care, and from each vice retir'd!
 From life's vain baits, sequester'd in the shade,
 Spurn'd tempting pelf, and *God* alone obey'd.
 Happy!—thrice happy! in the pious choice,
 Howe'er rejected by the tyrant's voice.—
 Behold the wide effects of barb'rous times!
 See round the ruins clasping ivy climbs!
 Ah! what a fall to abjectness, from pride!
 Such man's frail state, and so is man allied!

Lo! catching thought—arresting just surprise!
 What pop'lar tumults float before our eyes!
 Rous'd from their hamlets, and their princely tow'rs,
 See thousands headed by their lordly pow'rs,
 In joyous pomp, proceeding o'er the plain,
 (Each rural beauty smiling on her swain.—)
 What vig'rous striplings, sturdy, stout and strong,
 To *Lene's* fam'd currents in bold legions throng;
 Their arms innur'd to ply the lab'ring oars,
 The billows brush—and gain the distant shores.
 Rise, gen'rous muse! and sing that glorious day,
 When boats contending skimm'd the wat'ry way!
 Say what proud chieftain gain'd the golden prize,
 When praise-crown'd clamours rent the vaulted skies!
 Here, what a struggle!—there, what plaudits ring!—
 Such plaudits as contending Bards will sing;
 Bards—who shall vie to celebrate the place,
 And strive, like them, to win the glorious race.—

Twice three proud boats, the fairest and the best,
 Selected are by judges from the rest.
 The prime bold two to good *Kenmare* belong,
 Their speed shall grace *Killarney's* richest song.
 Pride of the waves, fast sailing, stout and good,
 To deck—to grace—to beautify the flood.—
 One *Herbert* sends—she proudly cleaves the waves,
 And next rides *Mahony's*—the rest she braves;
 One *Beauford* sends—where dwelt that good divine,
Judicious Day, the fav'rite of the Nine.
 Now *Cronin's* boat comes peering with the rest.
 Who, like her *owner* ev'ry fame possesset :
 Now quickly grasp each boats' selected crew
 The polish'd oars of vari'gated hue!
 Then bend to Heav'n to gain the doubtful day,
 While crouds un-number'd fill the flow'ry way;
 Throngs press on throngs—see each contention strong!
 View the fair flood, and shoulder'd move along;
 As, when conflicting armies urge their way,
 Each, to improve the glories of the day,
 Proudly to mingle o'er the dusty plain,
 And deathless fame—and cloudless honor gain,
 So press the chiefs, and thus their fate began,
 While fame suspending seem'd to wait each man.—
 All now prepar'd—the contest to maintain,
 They wait the signal on the liquid plain;
 With fixed attention, ardently they wait,
 While hearts impatient generously beat:
 In ev'ry glowing breast see glory rise!
 All wishing to possess the golden prize.
 Lo! the sign giv'n, from a rising ground,
 It cheers the crew, and rolls a long-lov'd sound.
 Quick-lab'ring oars, like rapid lightnings go!
 Quick work the hands; and all their bosoms glow!
 'The dubious strife the crowd and chieftains view
 Boat strives with boat, and crew contends with crew!

With manly force they sweep along the shores,
 Their sin'wy arms uplift the pond'rous oars,
 While loud huzzas and joyous clamours rise,
 And shouts, on shouts, ascend the echoing skies;
 Along they skim with swiftness uncontroll'd,
 Eager to gain the glory and the gold.
 Exulting thoughts in ev'ry bosom blaze,
 Bravely resolv'd to venture life for praise.
 Now loud applauses mark the shouting crowd,
 And sailors mix their clamours with each cloud.
 From shore to shore, swift runs the deafning sound,
 And echo's vault reverberates around!
 (Fond list'ning echo!—to *Killarney* dear,
 Here the fam'd boast of many a sportful year!)
 Lo! now amid the hurry and uproar,
 See, *Herbert's Carolina* shoot before!
 She floats—she skims—she now each billow braves,
 And scuds along the foremost on the waves;
 Thus, the proud steed sweeps foremost of the rest,
 With eager speed, and high-erected crest,
 While distanc'd sportsmen view with stern dismay,
 The loss—the shame—the glory of the day;
 They push—they tugg—they struggle—they contend,
 And each alternate proves Misfortune's friend;
 No more, the crowd possess them in their sight,
 They run—they're gone—like lightning in the night:
 And on each side the circles view, in vain,
 The little *Navy* struggling on the *Lene*—
 The waves, and billows now more loudly roar,
 By naval strife, convuls'd from shore to shore!
 Roll'd by the bustle of the boats o'er head,
 O'DONOGHUE forsakes his oozy bed.
 Then—then appeared, surrounded by his train,
 On steeds of fire that cleft the liquid plain,
 Fire in their looks,—impatience in their view,
 Dauntless they foam, and terrify each crew!

Proud they advanc'd, the hills began to shake—
 In thunder claps they darted o'er the Lake !
 The sailors now suspend their fleet career,
 To eye th' approaching silver-headed *Seer*,
 The hoary Monarch, with delight, they view,
 Struck with fond awe, they knew not what to do !
 Ten thousand times they wish'd, but wish'd in vain,
 To stand far from *O' Donoghue's* demesne—
 Behold the prince advance ! with eager speed,
 Behold him rein ! each liquid-rolling steed,
 On angry billows, *Neptune*-like, he stood,
 His dreadful presence hush'd the angry flood ;
 His glaring eye-balls fiercely fill'd with fire,
 Portend his wrath—his great—and vengeful ire !
 Th' affrighted rowers, now, could ply no more,
 And now the waves roll humbly to the shore :
 The vengeful king, enrag'd, accosts the van,
 And, with a voice of thunder, thus began :
 “ How, weak, fond mortals ! vain presumptuous band,
 “ Thro' what ambition, or by whose command,
 “ Attempt you, thus, to venture on this deep,
 “ Where the tide-nymphs and wat'ry monarchs sleep ?
 “ Hence !—or !——but yet, 'tis better hush your strife !
 “ 'Tis not for kings to kindle flames in life !
 “ 'Tis not for princes of this deep to shew
 “ What dire effects from wild ambition flow.”
 His speech resum'd : the angry monarch gave,
 His just prevention to his subject wave.
 Commanding silence ; “ Humble be your fate !
 “ 'Tis not for subjects to oppose the great !
 “ Yet cautious stand—nor thus disturb my reign,
 “ Exert your rage and prowess on the plain.”
 He said ;—pale terror shook each quav'ring frame !
 And night's dark shadows all their souls o'ercame !
 Each stood aghast,—dismay sunk ev'ry breast,
 'Till *Sullivan* thus the Prince address ;

" Great potent Lord, sole Umpire of this place,
 " In mercy, spare a fond contending race.
 " If life's ambition form a mortal joy,
 " Heav'ns will behold, with pity—nor destroy."
 They bow'd submission—thus the Prince reply'd,
 " Proceeds your contest—or from rage, or pride?
 " Whence the contention?—speak your master's name?
 " Whether for gold?—or is your strife for fame?"
 They blush—they bow—each master's name declare,
 Confess that honour solely was their care.
 Their happy lords no sordid wish e'er knew!
 For honest pride and glory were their view;
 If then (they cry) " thy royal breast can spare,
 " Forgive, O chief, and Pity's laurel bear."—
 To this the *Seer*,—" be angels still your guard,
 " And fame and honor your first helm reward."
 Thus having said, he pull'd his golden rein,
 And sought majestic his cerulean plain:
 His watry palace opes its golden gates,
 Th' obedient tide his sovereign nod awaits;
 The Monarch turns, and wields his scepter'd hand,
 The subject waves roll silent to the strand.—

THE prince now sunk—soft breathing zephyrs rise,
 Smooth was the Lake, serenely look'd the skies.
 All Nature then, as conscious of the glow,
 Resum'd a face that rose from Nature's flow.
 The boats renew their contest now again,
 The first with ardour their success maintain;
 The hinder rush, the foremost place to gain. }
 O'MAHONY's nerv'd men, with ardour fir'd,
 (Their breasts with love of deathless fame inspir'd,)
 Quick ply their oars, and shoot beyond the rest,
 With *pleasing* thoughts of conquest full possess'd,
 Eager of speed—impatient; now, they sweep,
 Their strokes redoubl'd clave the yielding deep;

O'er rolling waves their bounding boats they guide,
 While tossing foam obscures the troubled tide;
 Close in the rere, O' *Day's* and good *Kenmare's*,
 While each in view the meed of glory wears!
 With throbbing breasts they fly each vile disgrace,
 And urge with manly energy the race.
 As lightning quick, they cut the deep profound,
 And seek the goal with Conquest's laurel crown'd;
 'Thrice happy be we!—your oars shall often tell
 How heroes conquer'd—and how heroes fell!
 In lists of fame!—be ever your's the tongue
 That long shall animate the poet's song.—
 See! in the waves, they ply the sounding oar!
 While blood-warm streamlets run from ev'ry pore
 Swift *Carolina's* pilot, now implores
 Her faithful few, to ply their faithful oars:
 " My gen'rous friends, ah! why this cold dismay?
 " Why thus grow faint?—why swerve my friendly away?
 " Fly! faster fly!—drive thro' the rushing tide,
 " Be your's the oars—and mine the helm to guide.
 " Let brave past deeds now nobler feats inspire,
 " And ev'ry bosom catch the hero's fire.
 " Success, once more, your lab'ring oars may crown,
 " 'Tis yours to seek!—but Heav'n's to give renown!
 " 'Tis now decreed that he who bears the sway,
 " Shall to his race each laurel-praise convey!
 " His fame shall bloom and visit ev'ry pole,
 " Live in each heart, and post to Honor's goal!"—
 Rous'd by his voice, his steely hands revive,
 And quick as thought, th' opposing billows rive;
 Their wonted rivals gloriously despise,
 And princely *Carolina* gains the prize.—
 What shouts!—what praise—O! HERBERT, were thy lot,
 When fame and conquest crown'd thy happy boat!
 Now hills, and dales, with loud applauses ring,
 And blooming maids with songs enraptur'd sing.

Thus loud, fell clamours hostile armies yield,
 When fierce *Bellona* shakes her bossy shield !
 From isle to isle, re-echo'd shouts arise,
 And peals, redoubled, rend the neighb'ring skies.
 Th' admiring crowds their wond'ring voices raise,
 With loud huzzas they sound the victor's praise,
 While gentle *Herbert*, silent as a dove,
 Seem'd in his joy, unconscious how to move.

THE next in place, *O'Mahony's* bold band,
 Now leap'd indignant on the silver strand ;
 Unus'd before in contest to give place,
 Or yield the palm in *Pride's* impetuous race.
 Up sail'd *O'Dwy's*, bold, vig'rous, stout, and young,
 Well oar'd, well mann'd, unyielding yet and strong ;
 She long disputed the contested place,
 But lost the prize, the honor, and the race.

SEE *Cronin's* next ! well labour'd by her few,
 What hands so eager as his manly crew ?
 'Tis his to raise each honorable deed,
 And crown with praise each genius and its meed.
 Ah ! *Barry—Barry*, hapless was thy fate !
 Driv'n on a rock, and usher'd in too late !
 Ah ! had thy speed not been too soon o'ercast,
 Thy strength, thy oars had not been found the last.
 Stunn'd with amaze and shame, *M'Revel's* crew
 Come slow, long-lingering, scarcely yet in view !
 Inflaming *Bacchus*—foe to human kind !
 Unnerv'd their limbs—and stupify'd their mind ;
 In vain they bend their unavailing oars !
 Dull drowsy paddlers scoff'd from all the shores.
 What cannot wine ? the bane of ev'ry heart,
 'Tis *Wisdom's* poison, and the foe of *Art* !

Now all is hush'd—the noise and clamour o'er,
 They now return to *Innisfallen* shore ;
 Where each enraptur'd—each proud victor's soul,
 Revives its spirits o'er the flowing bowl.

There all the guests in Friendship's cause combine,
 And freely quaff the bright'ning joys of wine ;
 While thousand swains, and maids belov'd are seen,
 In sportive dances, tripping o'er the green,
 And ev'ry shade sends forth a thrilling sound,
 And MUSIC'S measures half enchant the ground !
 Music that might draw angels from their sphere,
 Retain—enchant—and keep them list'ning here.
 Sweet INNISFALLEN !—Beauty's dearest seat !
 Enchanting isle !—delicious fair retreat !—
 Here holy fire—devotion warm'd the breast,
 And living angels sung the soul to rest ;
 Here blooming trees, thro' rugged rocks, are seen,
 For ever fragrant, and for ever green !
 Soft downy banks, ambrosial beds are found,
 And rosy sweets display their blessings round.
 Promiscuous shades their verdant honors spread,
 And leafy Autumns all their odours shed.
 Tall tops of holly form impervious shades,
 And balmy violets beautify the glades.
 The beech—the fir—still, here, their bloom bestow,
 And, there, the ash, and here, the cypress glow.—
 Now in the barge, the river's height to gain
 We float—we skim—along the little main :
 Thro' Pleasure's tide, as once proud *Egypt's* queen,
 Along the *Cydus*, to attract was seen,
 We float—but ah ! beneath the silv'ry deep,
 What countless perils !—what disasters sleep !
 A latent rock assails us as we glide,
 Lo ! sinks *Monimia* ! down the dang'rous tide,
 And young *Florella* pride of ev'ry plain,
 Sung by each Bard, and loved by ev'ry swain ;
 Lov'd, ill-starr'd pair ! your fate shall long be sung,
 Impress each heart and tremble on each tongue :
 Your's was the bloom that sweeten'd like the gale !
 Your's was the rose that scented ev'ry vale :

Your's was the lily's richest, fairest hue !
 And your's each honour to each virtue due.—

ONWARD around the middle Lake we view,
 What scenes romantic still our bliss renew ?
 In ev'ry isle are FLORA'S velvet beds,
 With all the pride that Summer's mildness sheds.
 But hark ! what heav'nly sweet enchanting notes
 What tuneful magic o'er each mountain floats !
 Th' ærial sounds are wafted to the vale,
 Hark ! now they louder quaver on the gale ;
 And now convey'd to ev'ry warbling hill,
 Swell all the vale, and thro' my bosom thrill,
 From height to height—from vale to vale it flies,
 And now the music fills the vaulted skies ;
 Th' admiring flocks from each responsive hill,
 Enraptur'd with the harmony stand still :
 The warbling race, in silent wonder lost,
 Hush ev'ry note, nor rival music's boast.
 Louder—still louder—float celestial airs,
 Awfully grand as music of the spheres !
 Yet—yet—to drown these soul-bewitching strains,
 What loud explosion shakes the neighb'ring plains ?
 What a dread roar from all the distant hills ;
 Sublime—tremendous—heav'n's high concave fills ?
 The deaf'ning thunders cause a wild affright,
 A dreadful horror buries all the sight !
 Struck with new fear, with wonder, now we gaze,
 Nor birds can sing—nor eager flocks can graze,
 And now the echoing hills seem headlong hurl'd,
 And gaping earthquakes seem t' ingulf the world :
 E'en MANGERTON with terror seems to quake,
 That high, vast tow'ring *monarch* of the Lake !!!
 But lo ! again the soft harmonious sound,
 With melting music fills each space around ;
 The dulcet notes make hills and vallies ring,
 And half-fledg'd eaglets learn from them to sing ;

Pregnant with sweets the circling hills resound,
 And ev'ry gale bears music's charms around.
 Softness that might half-warm the frozen breast,
 Twines round the soul, and lulls e'en pain to rest.—

Now thro' the narrow straits our barge we guide,
 And tug with oars against th' impetuous tide;
 Cleave with swell'd sinews—while from ev'ry pore,
 Gush sultry floods, that burthen ev'ry oar;
 While from each side *Arabian* odours rise,
 Our hearts invig'rate, and embalm the skies;
 The scene soon chang'd—no woods the hills adorn,
 But all looks steril, rocky, and forlorn!
 Ascend we yet, and change we the sad scene,
 Turn we to groves and lawns for ever green,
 Where all smiles round!—see! see! a nobler sight!
 Where rocks and woods, and cataracts unite!
 The ample Lake now opens to the view,
 Delightful, pleasing objects ever new;
 Look round and see what blooming isles appear!
 And woods and mountains decorate the year:
 What velvet lawns in each sweet blushing isle!
 Where Nature's bounty beams with fairest smile.
 The inner lawns, what numbers can display?
 Or one rich beauty of their growth convey?
 What muse, like nature, can such landscapes paint!
 Scenes! that might charm, and still improve the saint?
 What shrubs of sweet perfume soft blooming peep?
 What rocks, tremendous, nodding o'er the deep?
 From isle to isle soft whisp'ring ZEPHYRS stray;
 And kiss from flow'rs the sweets of eastern MAY,
 While, in the tide, woods, downward, seem to grow,
 And sportive hinds their shadows view below!
 Near such a spot did ACTÆON once appear,
 When bathing DIAN chang'd him to a deer:
 Ill-fated youth! to your own dogs a prey,
 Like many a spendthrift sportsman of this day,

Whose sad dull scenes Aspersion's voice pursues,
 Spite of sweet prospects and enchanting views.
 How truly wild the prospects all around !
 Great mountains with impervious arbours crown'd ;
 See on the south, what purple hills arise,
 And from the vales rich forests pierce the skies !
 Once in that vale an IRISH chieftain sway'd,
 Call'd FIN M'CUIL—great monarch of the shade ;
 Whose tow'ring height, terrific once as bold,
 Caught ev'ry eye—still anxious to behold !
 And here, some tell his treasures he inurn'd,
 Treasures, which vanquish'd warriors long had mourn'd !
 Beneath yon dark'n'd shade how oft he stood ?
 Clad in strong armour—stain'd with hostile blood !
 O ! still methinks these wilds and vales contain,
 The bloody vestiges of heroes slain !
 Rocks, heap'd on rocks, shew, near yon wat'ry course,
 The vast memorials of gigantic force !—
 Here flow'rs, unseen, shoot forward, to decay ;
 Lost, in the wild, unaided, by a ray !
 Here Nature proves her still luxuriant pride ;
 By man untasted, and by beast untry'd !
 Save the fleet savage whose ascending pow'r,
 Can o'er each limit—o'er each barrier tow'r !—
 Who climbs the rock and braves the dark'ning shade,
 With gloom terrific long familiar made !

AH ! had kind Nature, and the heav'nly race,
 Made this fair climate equal to the place !
 Here might the orange thrive—the tender vine !—
 With clust'ring grapes the stately elm entwine ;
 Fruits now exotic would promiscuous grow,
 And flow'rs, unknown, in paths prolific glow :
 The flow'ry myrtle would these vales adorn,
 And luscious figs o'ershade the blossom'd thorn.
 But then no wolves in these blest vallies prowl,
 Nor hungry lions o'er the mountains howl ;

Nor bears voracious tear th' innoxious lambs,
 Who strive, in vain, to gain their fleecy dams!
 Nor hissing toads—nor lurking vipers lie,
 Nor rattle-snakes affright the trav'ler's eye;
 Nor Lethæan monsters roam beneath the trees,
 Nor flying bas'lisks poison all the breeze;
 Our hills, our vales, no dang'rous monsters know,
 ST. PATRICK chas'd them centuries ago!
 Reform'd our isle, and saw our country void
 Of magic spell—all dæmons he destroy'd.
 Freed from such ills—and for each blessing giv'n,
 Oh! let our grateful fervour rise to Heav'n:
 Thanks to our isle's fam'd patron long be paid
 Who sent those reptiles distant climes t' invade!
 Who rais'd the *Shamrock* to unfading fame,
 And stamp'd new glory on our country's name.

BUT now returning o'er the rapid tide,
 Where lives all Nature's most enchanting pride:
 What groves, what lawns, here beautify each scene,
 Aspiring rocks still cloth'd in ever-green.
 And while our boats the wat'ry world pursue,
 We with amazement ev'ry wonder view.—
 Our toils and troubles amply are repaid,
 To find such beauties to the mind convey'd!
 With what celestial sound the soul's inspir'd,
 What joys unhop'd the feeling bosom fir'd!
 Where all the pride of Nature, not of Art,
 T' inchant the soul and captivate the heart.
 To *Dinish* island bend we next our way,
 Where feather'd songsters tune their Sylvan lay:
 Where *Flora* spreading all her treasur'd store,
 With *Syria's* spicy sweets embalm the shore;—
 The other isles *Killarney's* Lake contains,
 Their fragrant shades—their many-chequer'd plains
 Remain unsung—nor can our strains adorn,
 Scenes that might grace the fairest painted morn!

Far greater objects call the muse along,
From Fancy's gentle soul-delighting song.—

GLENAA's sweet vale, was rising to our view,
When adverse winds with sudden fury blew :
Black gloomy tempests darken'd all the skies,
Then sudden gusts and headlong whirlwinds rise !
Dread fiery meteors, mix'd with rain began,
And o'er the vale, rock-rending thunders ran !
Now struggling here, and parting from the Lake,
We under shelving rocks our shelter take.
Hence, in the vale, we happily espy'd,
A shelt'ring cottage near the wat'ry tide ;
Where rosy Health her ruddy throne maintains,
Where Contemplation unmolested reigns ;
This humble roof we enter'd, drench'd with rain,
And there our drooping spirits rais'd again :
Plac'd far from *Envy's* walk (for *Envy* sure
Could never reach the cottage of the poor.)
In this warm shelter, blaz'd a cheerful fire,
Surrounded by the progeny and sire,
Amid the group a virgin fair was seen,
The blooming pride and honor of the green ;
Her youthful face was fair—serenely sweet,
Her homely raiment flow'd adown her feet ;
Her slender waist, her snowy bosom shone,
More white, more polish'd than the Parian stone :
Fair was her look—enchanting was her tongue—
As youthful bards, and neighb'ring shepherds sung ;
Now on the table are the viands plac'd,
The rosy maid adds flavor to the feast.
We soon drew near the hospitable board,
Crown'd with what hills, and vales, and lakes afford.
With quicken'd sense we joyful sate around,
While social pleasures all our labours crown'd :
Now hunger ceas'd—the venerable man,
With gracious looks of fervour thus began :

" My sires of old with peace and plenty blest,
 " On this fond spot oft entertain'd a guest ;
 " Till tyrant Bess relentless forces pour'd,
 " And all our homes and properties devour'd !
 " Contented we remain in this retreat,
 " Blest with a little, in our homely seat ;
 " Hear spouting cat'racts from the mountains flow
 " And heav'nly dirges of sweet-warbled woe."

The rain now past—the evening sun's retreat,
 Warns from this blest and hospitable seat ;
 Now o'er the hills swift run the sable shrouds,
 And now the sun emerges from the clouds ;
 The fragrant shades a fresher green display,
 Now smiling—dancing—quav'ring cheer the day.
 The cheerful lark, enraptur'd mounts on high,
 The sweet, soft, tender minstrel of the sky ;
 While other rising warblers homage pay,
 In heav'nly strains to hail the God of day.
 Behold the branches trembling in the woods !
 Dance to the pleasing murmurs of the floods !
 Pass onward—view, see all the rising vale,
 And waters playful—wanton in the gale.

Plac'd on the cliff, we hear each echoing voice,
 Of swains, who in the watry toils rejoice :
 Whose days are pass'd, unclouded by a care,
 Save sighs, looks, smiles, and sonnets to the fair.
 See speckled fishes round the vessels glide !
 And sport and play, and swim along the tide ;
 While Sloth's sick train in azure chambers keep,
 And on the bottom brilliant diamonds sleep !
 What striking objects here attract our eyes ?
 What woods, what hills, in fair confusion rise ?—
 Scenes above scenes umbrageous lines ascend,
 And, round the rocks, their ample arms extend.
 High o'er yon cliff beneath th' all-seeing eye,
 Of Him, whose rays illumine the lofty sky !

The mighty monarch of the feather'd race,
 His eyrie builds in this stupenduous place.
 His unfledg'd young secure from danger lie,
 And all the school-boys wily art defy :
 Yet should he once suspect his royal bed,
 (The prey of *monarchs* by wild passions led,)
 His soul indignant sends the spurious brood
 To TURK'S vast lake, to be for fishes food.
 BRITANNIA'S bulwark here its honor shows,
 And here the ash—and there the poplar grows ;
 See its green boughs the holly here extends !
 And o'er its parent craggy cliff impends !
 Fancy here paints that with a lover's arms,
 It twines—it circles—and enjoys its charms.
 Here, other diff'rent trees dependent grow ;
 And woods, and hills, and dales reflected glow !
 See far superior to the rest is found,
 The stately cedar with rich branches crown'd !
 And, like the lofty elms majestic rise,
 O'er-top the rest, and seem to meet the skies !

HARK ! hark !—the jovial huntsman sweeps the plains !
 Fills ev'ry space with his loud-echoing strains.
 Th' enliv'ning sound on ev'ry mountain floats,
 And hills and vales reverberate the notes :
 Rous'd from his lair—see, up, the mountain side !
 The fleet young deer displays his ample pride :
 Proud of his speed—exulting now he mocks,
 Branch-rending coverts, and opposing rocks.
 See him in view !—and see the deep-tongued race !
 Wind at his heels ! and beautify the chase !
 Now deeper notes swift fly on echo's wing,
 The mountains roar and all the vallies ring.
 See, o'er projecting rocks, he bounding goes !
 To fly his fate, and baffle all his foes :
 Now dauntless stands, regardless of their cries,
 While each pursuing danger he defies.

The fleet staunch hounds the rocky cliffs ascend,
 And their shrill notes with notes responsive blend.
 See down he strays o'er his long-haunted course !
 Now down 'the valley with invigour'd force !
 Now timid, yet unconquer'd—now he strays,
 Thro' woods, thro' wilds, ten thousand diff'rent ways :
 The sanguinary pack, thro' coverts fly,
 Again the hills reverberate the cry ;—
 View his descent !—thro' tangled thickets torn !
 And branches sink beneath his rising horn !
 The hounds are nigh : he trembles at his fate,
 Where now th' asylum ?—or the safe retreat ?
 He pants—he sighs—th' impatient band he feels,
 The gath'ring tumult closing at his heels.
 Alas ! pursu'd, his hapless fate is nigh,
 Alas ! no more the fugitive can fly :
 O'erwhelm'd with terror, and with dread dismay,
 Th' affrighted warrior trembling stands at bay,
 With fainting toil, supports th' unequal strife,
 And fights, in vain, for liberty and life.—
 His efforts vain determined to forsake
 His native woods, he plunges in the Lake :
 With madden'd fury ev'ry surge he braves,
 And with his ample breast divides the waves ;
 Th' exulting hunters to their boats repair,
 The hostile *Navy* chase him in the reer :
 He floats—he speeds—to gain the distant caves,
 And wildly struggling flashes up the waves.
 Now lab'ring strives, protecting isles to gain !
 Yet—yet—alas ! his efforts all are vain !
 See him now near unpitying clamours rise !
 The hapless prey with instant terror dies.
 He groans, and now encompass'd by his foes,
 He feels the stroke of bosom-rending woes :
 Victim he falls—yet not inglorious dies,
 While shouts of triumph rend the vaulted skies !

Oh, cruel man!--why cruelly severe!--
 Were it not nobler pleasure's prey to spare!
 Far better left to range his native wood,
 The mountain's brow, and brave the rapid flood:
 Still let him with his wild companions stray,
 He might again the gen'rous deep repay.
 Tir'd of these sports we pass to yonder shades,
 Where foaming flow O'SULLIVAN'S cascades!
 Where rifted rocks roll'd by th' encreasing floods,
 And massy fragments, seem to rend the woods.
Here, grows the holly—*there*, the stately oak,
 Tho' tempest-beaten, yet by time unbroke.
 See *there*, the hazel!--*here*, the laurel grows,
 And *there*, POMONA all her beauty shews.
 Far other scenes attempt we to explore,
 But lo! the Lake extends her sway no more.
 Full twice sev'n miles she murmurs thro' the plain,
 Where peace, and love, and harmony still reign.
 Thro' many a lawn she cuts her liquid way,
 And rolls her wat'ry tribute to the sea.—

Now on the stream behold the floating line,
 And flies fictitious on the surface shine.
 The finny race now view the golden bait,
 But ah! what dangers life's allurements wait!
 What tempting ills seduce us ev'ry hour;
 The slaves of passion and temptations pow'r!
 The mottled trout beholds the gaudy fly,
 Alas! too soon ordain'd by man to die!
 He quickly rises—seizes the fell bait,
 And finds too soon, the treachery, tho' late.
 In vain he flutters to maintain his life,
 Whist youth delighted, plies the wily strife.
 Now to extend the line—and now restrain,
 His efforts struggling with reluctant pain:
 The speckled prey a captive now is held,
 Like the wing'd victim of the furrow'd field!

See DUNLOE's castle rising from the tide,
 Hemm'd in by lawns and groves on ev'ry side :
 Around whose seat what silver currents flow !
 What flow'rs, what fruits, what shades promiscuous grow.

BEHOLD the land now rising from the flood,
 And view where once a stately city stood !
 Here tow'ring castles once the hill adorn'd,
 And sacred churches *ruined now and scorn'd*.
 See the fam'd church-yard where lie many dead !
 The long-wept patriot, from his country fled :
 To heav'n's high regions where the good are seen,
 And where the just have long unclouded been.
 What solemn scenes ! for friendship ever lost !
 For hopes now blasted, and for loves long crost !
 What plaintive notes : how melancholy—slow,
 Rais'd their fond sorrows swelling ev'ry woe !
 Oh, rise description ! here attune thy lays,
 And deal around thy censure and thy praise :
 Mark where fall'n virtue withers on life's tree !
 Where rots vain pomp—where rests the patriot, see !
 Of polish'd manners note the lamp-worn sage,
 Whose happy lore enrich'd the classic page.
 View the fam'd Bard, as HYBLA's honey sweet ;
 E'en in the grave the muses' honor meet.
 Tread soft, each foot, no insult reach that tongue,
 That oft so charm'd, and long so sweetly sung :
 Tho' silent now, yet sacred still to fame,
 Ne'er fading bloom shall mark his much-lov'd name ;
 E'en I, whose strains can boast no heav'n taught-rage,
 Low in the dust my future strains engage.
 Life's air-drawn hopes, how transient and how vain,
 Virtue's the boast that only can remain ;
 Then, why should perishable man regard
 Its flitting joys, but aim at worth's reward.—
 See, here, the good, and there the miser see,
 Here, tyrants rest (if rest for such can be),

There in one dull promiscuous ruin lie,
 The old—the young—the beautiful—the sly.
 That rosy maid whom none unmov'd could view,
 Sleeps here alas! and lost her orient hue!
 No more, her eyes shall beam benignant grace,
 No more, shall virtue blossom in her face.
 Wept see fair virtue—vice still scorn'd behold,
 And own old **GRIPE** for ever damn'd by gold.
 Part we these scenes! such scenes can never please,
 Lament the just, and hope for better days:
 Turn we where warm devotion takes the heart,
 And cloister'd learning can its aid impart.—
 Rich happier place! where virtue's train appear,
 Ascend to bliss, and still adorn the year.
 There, pious **VIGILS**, fervent mattins glow,
 There, pants the breast, its **MAKER's** praise to shew.
 Blush!—blush!—ambition, while religion calls
 From the deep silence of these holy walls;
 She calls to rouse thee from thy fatal gloom,
 And place fair virtue in oppression's room,
 To teach that grandeur, pomp and lordly pow'r,
 Feel the world's vanity and death's dread hour.

AND, oh! (what lesson to presumptuous man)
 Behold, with slow, sad steps, the funeral van!
 Led to the grave, ambition, pride, and wealth,
 That boasted beauty, strength, and blooming health!
 Swept from its joys, unwarn'd and unprepar'd,
 Tho' but few moments past since heav'n he dar'd!
 Ah! how unlike **HUMANUS!** whose kind hand
 Diffus'd each hour, it's blessings o'er the land!
 Warm'd the cold heart, the shiv'ring orphan cheer'd
 Who died lamented, as he liv'd, rever'd!
 See the full tears fast water ev'ry grave!
 While weeping friendship mourns the good and brave!
 Mark the fond parent, child, and brother weep!
 See, dress'd, with flow'rets, relatives here sleep!

Ah! what a loud and melancholy cry?
 How heaves each heart, fond nature's heaviest sigh!
 Behold yon virgin, clad in orient bloom,
 Like a fair statue, o'er a mother's tomb!
 In vain *BELINDA* hangs a drooping head!
 In vain she calls her from the silent dead!
 She weeps, she sighs,—and weeps, and sighs, again,
 Still weeps, and sighs, and weeps, and sighs, in vain!
 Sweet pensive maid, ah! droop thy head no more,
 May heav'n thy strength and fortitude restore!
 For, vain thy sorrows—vain ambition's bust,
 Nor birth, nor pow'rs distinguish'd in the dust.
 The peasant's mattock, like the sceptre seen,
 Claims equal rank, along this lowly green!—
 See the fond youth a father's fate deplore!
 View the sad widow, cheer'd by love no more!
 Rend her white breast!—and oh! the lover view,
 With tears fast trickling, like the May-morn dew!
 Mark the lorn mother, weep her only boy,
 Her pride!—her hope!—her comfort!—and her joy!—
 Seem not the languid sadly-drooping weeds,
 Here to condole, with ev'ry heart that bleeds?
 Where drowsy poppies shed their mournful dews,
 And rain-fraught cowslips weep with weeping yews!
 Look round each dreary monument of woe;
 Feel for life's sorrows—yet with fervor glow,
 To that pure *SOURCE*—redemption's loving God,
 Who cheers with hope!—and breaks death's ebon rod!
 Now when the cruel unrelenting *Danes*,
 With tyrant stride trod o'er *Ierne's* plains;
 When her fam'd rising cities they annoy'd,
 Her towns demolish'd, and her tow'rs destroy'd:
 Fam'd *Aghadoe* their pow'rs had long withstood,
 'Till crimson'd o'er with pure *Milesian* blood:
 'Till savage war effac'd their wealth and pride,
 And ev'ry hero bravely fought and dy'd.—

Fell war! that mow'd each chief whom fame pursu'd,
 And all *Norwegia's* sons in *Irish* blood imbru'd.
 Lo! "as the sun emerging from a cloud,"
 Rush'd war-fam'd *Borou* on th' embattled crowd!
 Th' ensanguin'd plain confess'd his mighty hand;
 And streams of gore awaited his command!
 What direful fate o'er *Denmark's* chief impends?
 He lost the day, his brothers, sons, and friends!
 How rag'd that fray?—*Clontarf* thy shades can tell!
 What God-like heroes in that battle fell!
 O! long-lov'd, lost—fam'd *Bryan*, let me here,
 One moment drop the tributary tear!

Thy fall shall oft the muse's page adorn,
 And future bards in patriot strains shall mourn!—

BLEST happy vale, may loftier bards long tell
 Thy Tempe-fields—and all thy praises swell;
 May thy mines rival rich *Golconda's* store,
 And diamonds ever glitter on thy shore,
 Long in thy shades, may shepherds pipe their lays.
 Adorn thy lawns, and consecrate thy praise.
 May *fleet* strong barges ever grace thy flood,
 And bounding deer long ornament thy wood.—
 Thro' *Pleasure's* scene—from care we still retire,
 And taste alternate ev'ry chaste desire;
 Feel the soft balm of *Friendship's* lenient hand,
 And still the hospitable board command.

WHAT other tracts *IERNE* in thy scope,
 Can vie with this to raise the poet's hope?
 Say where does *FLORA* richer flow'rs bestow?
 Or where more sweetly can *POMONA* blow?
 Where does loud *Winter* shew more gentle rage?
 Where can his tempests easier conflicts wage?
 Tell, where so sweet, so beautifully wild,
 Care and fell *Sorrow*, see their woes beguil'd?
 Ah much-lov'd, dear, and long-enchanted spot,
 To walk thy lawns be still my happy lot!

With Nature's pencil thy fair scenes to draw,
And hold each CURL and LINTOT still in awe.

HENCE, to the VILLA bend we now our way,
Where all looks neat, and hospitably gay;
Where virgins fair are fairer to be seen
Than the fair lillies on the fairest green!
Where fam'd KENMARE has ev'ry learning priz'd;
Where lovers rais'd—with bounty patronis'd;—
His gen'rous hand, by fortune amply blest,
Saw art, like nature, on the soil imprint!
Like RANCELLEN* retir'd from fitting joys,
His native place alone his care employs;
Drawing his prospects from the patriot's laws,
He hourly labours in his country cause;
Hear jarring discord dares not shew her face;
Vice, and her sons, are driven to disgrace!
From GALWAY's* virtues flow such blessings still.—
GALWAY,† who rules obedient to his will;
The rebel crowd;—he sways with lenient hand,
To serve his Sovereign, and protect the land,
Such, O! KENMARE, the virtues of thy breast,
The laws defending, and when blessing blest!—

AH! ye whom false illusive joys attract,
Abroad to squander, and, at home, contract,
Unwieldy debts, in pleasure's lap to spend,
While the sunk tenant's bleeding heart you rend;
Blush—blush—and mend—this bright example view,
Correct proud folly, and KENMARE pursue.—

FAREWELL, lov'd fields! a long and last adieu!
Farewell each valley! each delighting view!
Sweet scenes, adieu!—oh! take your Bard's farewell!
A Bard who wishes all your scenes to tell:
Thine are the blessings Continents can't boast,
'Thou fairest *Flower of Ireland's* happy coast.

* See MARSHALL's Travels through *Denmark*, for the Character of that incomparable Nobleman Count RANCELLEN.

† CHRISTOPHER GALWAY, Esq. who under the appointment of Lord KENMARE with unremitting vigilance, administers inflexible Justice in the Town.

PREFACE TO THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

THE *Giant's Causeway* is so sublime, so interesting an object of contemplation to an inquisitive mind, that even Fancy is bewildered in the investigation of its origin and rational properties. Whether we view it as an operation of Nature, a work of Art, or one of those stupendous productions effected by Chance in a convulsion of the Elements, is, at best, but matter of mere speculation, and consequently baffles every effort of research or enquiry on any rational ground. The scene, however, is so perfectly magnificent, so much above the rank of ordinary comprehension, that Industry and Ingenuity united, are visibly inadequate to its illustration in full display; or conveying a just idea of its wonderful and unaccountable properties to an ordinary enquirer.

Yet that scene, so pregnant with wonder, so fascinating to a curious beholder, so perfectly conformable to the most elevated sentiments of sublimity and beauty, affords so little of that diversity, that perceptible variety, so necessary to enliven descriptive poetry, that Genius is cramped, and Fancy so shackled, that the finitude of the parts in their different relations to the whole, bewilder the imagination in a maze of doubt and perplexity, and consequently involves the Fancy within narrower bounds than the collective magnitude of the object naturally inspires.

I was not aware of these complicated impediments until I had gotten beyond my reach, when perseverance, was unavoidable and industry was the sole alternative I had to resort to, so as to avoid sinking as well in my own estimation as that of the public. I can claim no merit from the undertaking but that of avoiding prolixity, and pointing out a subject well worthy the notice and atten-

tion of those, who, by a diligent exertion of brighter talents, would render it well worthy of generous notice, and consequent admiration.

The work being necessarily to avoid the poetical odium of "*tiring out patience, or misleading sense,*" as much as possible,—I was advised by my learned friends, to lop off the excrescences of *Killarney*, and republish it, in its present form, so as in some measure to aim at furnishing a more ample fund for the entertainment of a numerous and respectable number of Subscribers and Friends.

The elegies and other pieces subjoined, being generally written extempore, can only claim the merit of good intention.

The Itinerary to *Killarney*, being republished with an addition acquired by later pursuits since its first publication, in order to render that species of information more entertaining, will I trust, make such an intrusion on the reader's patience, (a venial trespass,) as consequently will not render the cognizance of that *accusing spirit* which too frequently usurps a precedence in the CHANCERY of common reason and common justice on critical decisions.

*"Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations,
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong quotations."*

To palliate the errors and inconsistencies, I have unavoidably, (sometimes imperceptibly) fallen into, would appear fulsome, particularly to those whose judgment stands firm on the basis of rectitude, and consequently wish to be pleased on moderate terms, rather than undertake the drudgery of a cynical cavil, which all the chaff of *Baccalini* would scarcely compensate.—I have written, because leisure and inclination induced me to do so; I have persevered partly from the same motives, and more particularly from the flattering estimate formed on what I have written, by such friends as taste and judgment have long pronounced competent judges of literary merit.

But, I am still aware, through partiality inseparable from friendship, many persons might place my errors in such a point of view, as to bias an opinion otherwise approaching to infallibility. That I have generally written in a hurry, is certainly true ; but I will not, cannot, make the bare apology of not having leisure or inclination to correct or improve my writings, for the greater part at least : nor do I neglect those necessary aids, which reason points out to aspiring genius. Yet, I am perfectly convinced that with all the industry I did, or could exert on the occasion, there is still an ample field for malice and ill nature to play in.—That I must submit to a fate frequently and wofully experienced by my betters ; and is most true, must either fall by the shafts of Severity, or rise on the wings of Indulgence.

That all my unlettered Readers are, or will soon become, not only critically (but hypercritically) knowing, I do not chuse to deny from a love of care, and a wish of being read : but whether such Critics in the aggregate are indebted to vanity or merit for prudence is reserved to those who act without consideration, and speak without thinking. There are some, indeed, not a few of such Critics, or rather Vaticiodes, whose censures would be equally grateful to my feelings, as the plaudits of worth and discernment ; for though

" All human race would fain be wits,

" And millions miss for one that hits."

These motly millions make as horrid a buzz about living Authors as a swarm of Summer flies about a dead carion. However, I possess, and shall always enjoy the comfort of intending well ; and if such intention be not productive of the effects it was honestly meant to produce, I have only to regret the want of those powers which constitute the art of pleasing ; and hope, that if neglected or forgotten, censure will be drowned in oblivion.

DESCRIPTION
OF THE
GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

HAIL! Architect divine! who giv'st mine eye
To view those scenes, which human art defy:
Rocks thron'd on rocks, stupendous work display,
Where awful horrors hold eternal sway;
Where all the group so magically new,
So deep, so wild, and wonderful to view;
Where dreary caverns deep, impress dismay,
And interdiction lours on Phœbus' ray:
Where countless prodigies thy skill declare,
Whose models Artists to their countries bear;
But vain their efforts, such bold scenes to draw,
And vain is Art to model Nature's law;
Sooner shall man Man from scientific lore,
Number the pebbles on the sea-lash'd shore;
Sooner be stars to calculation just,
And graves restore an individual dust,
Than thy, great *Causeway*, Architect divine!
In equal splendor by description shine.

Tho' the admir'd Colossus lives to fame,
And Pompey's Pillar full distinction claim;
To just renown, and strike Attention's eye,
Here nobler scenes in wild disorder lie.

What height! what gloom! what magnitude! what form!
 How prompt each view to live in fame and charm!
 Pillars half scatter'd—angles—concave sides;
 In whose projection sportive Nature prides.
 The cliffs stupenduous, wond'rous to behold,
 O'erlook the Main, majestically bold:
 Its awful heights above th' Atlantic rise,
 Burst through the clouds and intercept the skies:
 Nature convuls'd this wond'rous work has done,
 Proud to complete a grand phenomenon.
 Lo! to PORTRUSH this awful wreck extends,
 Where shade with shade, and pile with pile contends;
 Horror on horror variegates the scene,
 To intersperse th' unequal shades between.
 Prismatic columns on each side are here;
 In *regular confusion*, all appear!

To contemplate the whole, so wild, so vast;
 Wonder's criterion is, by far, surpast:
 Those stately pillars (long by time imbrown'd)
 In all that's great and marvellous abound:

In density and form these piles agree,
 Still unimpair'd and from disorder free:
 Such solid vestiges of liquid fire,
 The more we contemplate, the more admire;
 One universal standard stamps the whole,
 And with amazement fires th' enraptur'd soul.

Reason's bewilder'd, when this work we view,
 And leaves Mankind in doubt and darkness too;
 Darkness and doubt, at once impress the heart,
 So clear th' analogy 'twixt chance and art.

Behold yon Mole! projecting o'er the deep;
The torrid fusion of the Mountain steep;
 Basaltic pillars in due order pil'd;
 Basaltic rows—magnificiently wild:
 The *petrid* honeycombs majestic stand,
 To prove the work of more than mortal hand;

Their concave sockets and their convex sides,
 No harsh assault of time or tide divides.
 When Spain's Armada hover'd on our coast
 In vain parade, an awe-inspiring host ;
 This mimic fortress they with rage assail'd ;
 But all their efforts at annoyance fail'd ;
 Experience soon, the secret did impart,
 That Nature's bulwark mocks the pow'r of Art.

The leading Promontories of this shore,
 Are at *Fair-head* and beautiful *Bengore* ;
 Superior far, to all the rest in state,
 And, Atlas-like, superlatively great.
 These—with the wonders of the coast around,
 'To *Taste* appears a more than fairy-ground :
 Where Nature views with more than mimic Art,
 To feast the fancy, and delight the heart.
 Unnumbered capes—unnumbered pillars, see !
 In tow'ring columns of variety :
 The fluted rocks array'd in proud display ;
 Th' enchanting landscape that impends the Bay ;
 All—all in unison, at once combine,
 To manifest an Architect divine :
 For nought beside could such a work advance,
 Too wild for art—too regular for chance.

PLEASKIN, thy cumb'rous bulk, enormous height !
 Pregnant, at once, with wonder and delight ;
 In all the dignity of native pride,
 Resists the storms and braves the whelming tide.
 Such various, peerless beauties to rehearse
 Inspire the Muse, and dignify the verse ;
 But ah : what Muse, since tuneful POPE is dead,
 This devious path with confidence can tread !
 Or with the splendor of poetic fire,
 Glow with the rays such awful scenes inspire !

There colonnades o'er colonnades appear,
 And lo ! the neat basaltic pillars here,

Arrang'd with splendor, and extended wide ;
 In grand confusion show their stately pride.
 Volcanic prodigies we here behold,
 At once so marvellous, sublime, and bold !
 At once unrivall'd is the work, complete,
 At once tremendous, wonderful, and great.

Ten thousand pillars decorate the strand,
 Completely lock'd, that will for ever stand ;
 Their symmetry—arrangement—termination,
 Distinction claim in all their just gradation,
 The ochral piles that these tall cliffs adorn,
 Ting'd by the ruddy radiance of the morn :
 The rough, rude rocks, that seem at once to brave
 The roaring thunders of the surgy wave ;
 The dusky vaults where death-like horrors weep,
 And still reverb the horrors of the deep,
 Those long-lost beauties of each splendid pile,
 Surpass the long-fam'd beauties of our Isle ;
 Complete a scene for fancy to admire,
 And rouse the Painter's and the Poet's fire.

Farewell ! thou source of horror and delight—
 Thy smiling day, thy never-ending night ;
 Thy wild Cathedrals, clad in awful gloom—
 Thy fairy regions, that for ever bloom—
 Thy awful scenes, magnificently hurl'd,
 To form the leading *wonder of the world !*

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

A Poem.

O Socii (neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum)

O passi graviora : dabit Deus his quoque finem.

VIRG.

LIFE's but a bubble and its joys replete
With each fond hope that heightens the deceit ;
Blaze when it will, 'tis Fancy cheers the gloom—
The lamp but serves to light us to the tomb.
When Man revolves his self-important state,
His transient glory deadens at his fate.
This serious truth the studious Syntax found,
Whose learned lumber did the world astound.

Full forty years the painful task he bore,
Of mending manners and extracting gore :
His flippant tongue perpetual motion kept ;
And e'en was known to labour when he slept.
Beneath his care a truant group had met,
Whose practice was to labour and forget :
Who rather chose to suffer all than plod,
Tho' scar'd by frowns, and conjur'd with the rod :
Of these was I—and many a scar I knew,
Too faithful follower of the heedless crew ;

Too oft my tears had issu'd to deplore
 The dire Syntactic symbols that I bore.
 To forward youth in regular gradation,
 The learned sage recurr'd to flagellation ;
 Which task (wherein he was completely skill'd)
 Without discrimination he fulfilled,
 'Till sixty years or more elaps'd had been ;
 And "dust to dust," at last had clos'd the scene!

Of him no more the story'd wonder runs ;
 No more the ale-house echo's with his puns :
 No gaping crowd shall buzz in his applause ;
 No rustic urge him to expound the laws.
 Fall'n is the sage !—and fall'n the village school,
 Where once he mov'd and spoke, and taught by rule :
 Here whilst he sway'd the mighty rod of pow'r,
 Oft was his thoughtful visage known to lour.
 By various arts he labour'd still to rise,
 And e'en in trifles, trifled to be wise :
 Where'er he went he seem'd absor'd in thought,
 And Nature's wonders to explore he sought.
 Slow was his gait, and solemn were his looks,
 Severe his censures both on men and books ;
 'To live in contrast was his constant way,
 Gay with the serious—serious with the gay ;
 He stood unmatched for singular attire—
 For wits have modes, that wits alone admire.
 Clear as the *Delphic Oracle* he spoke,
 Nor lost connexion—nor a concord broke :
 In force of style and literary glare,
 Both Punch and Ratteen his inferiors were :
 Of tales, conundrums, legendary lore,
 The Parson, or the Squire had scarcely more ;
 Confess'd a Seer, each charm he could dispel,
 Tho' Demons hatch'd and brought them forth in hell.
 Fancy portray the man of wisdom now,
 In all his shrewd solemnity of brow,

To passing crowds to prove his fund of lore,
 In either lock, a batch of pens he bore ;
 His button a full jill of ink sustain'd ;
 A scourge his office, and his might explain'd :
 A box of horn with curious figures grac'd,
 Supply'd his nostrils and confirm'd his taste.
 His nutbrown pipe and brazen-headed cane,
 Dazzled alike the vulgar and the vain :
 His sun-burn'd beaver—Cumberland all o'er,
 From twenty-one to sixty-three he wore ;
 His motly Caxon matted and dishevil'd,
 Still prov'd the wearer by the wig bedevil'd ;
 His coat, his vest, his scull-cap, and his hose,
 The stern eccentric did at once disclose ;
 Besides the gaskins that approach'd his toe,
 Wav'd with the wind and brush'd the brogues below.
 In such strange geer he was so long bedight,
 The world pronounc'd him a pre-Adamite.
 Here as I trace his fame in serious guise,
 Methinks I see the *Man of Terrors* rise,
 For still his looks are present to my view,
 And all the suff'rings of my youth renew !
 But he's no more !—and peace attend his shade,
 For many a zealous effort has he made,
 In spite of indolence, neglect, and play,
 And all those charms which youthful minds betray.
 'Twas still his wish the truant to reclaim,
 And lash the stripling dunderhead to shame.
 So nauseous med'cines tho' they may offend,
 The sweets of profit with the bitter blend.

Beneath yon elm whose boughs extend to shade,
 Where Syntax oft his learning had display'd ;
 A passing traveller view'd him with surprize,
 Leant on his staff to feast his ears and eyes,
 Gaz'd, and still gaz'd ; his depth of sense averr'd,
 Thank'd his kind stars for all he saw and heard :

Sigh'd—shook his head—extoll'd the school-boy's lot,
 And urg'd the social comfort of a pot :
 An invitation so politely urg'd,
 Attach'd the sage, until completely gorg'd :
 For, tho' he ne'er was known to spend a groat,
 An unbought cup, full off, has prov'd his fault.

Oh, step-dame fortune! here my griefs renew,
 When frequent draughts the fence of thoughts o'erthrew,
 And cups like learning, if we fairly dip,
 Create new thirst, and still we wish to sip ;
 Nor groans, nor sighs, nor pray'rs, nor tears could win ;
 For all was rage and anarchy within,
 'Till trembling, faint, and faithful to the touch,
 Each blister'd palm, had prov'd he drank too much.

If e'er conducted by precarious chance,
 Beside the rill we trip the harmless dance,
 To soothe the famine of a Summer's day ;
 Fearful to go—and yet afraid to stay,
 While he invok'd the soul-enliv'ning pow'r,
 And social draughts abridg'd the genial hour.
 As the wing'd centinel at distance guards,
 Its cackling mates, and ev'ry peril wards ;
 Doubtful in trust we watch'd the distant bourns,
 Shar'd ev'ry toil and truanted by turns ;
 And plac'd more glory in a safe retreat,
 Than cautious NELSON when he sav'd the fleet.
 Long as the village oracle he reign'd,
 Long had he argued and the point maintain'd ;
 Long at the crowded chapel did he ope
 The blazing wonders of each flow'ry trope ;
 And, strange to tell, tho' foil'd, he kept the field,
 Since right or wrong, he never stoop'd to yield.
 For, as in fighting, 'tis in arguing so,
 The crowing cock still terminates the blow.
 He clearly told when Sol would set and rise,
 And e'er he was consulted would advise ;

So justly form'd his geographic plan,
 He plac'd Barbadoes in the Isle of Man,
 A continent he clearly prov'd a neck,
 And southern sea contracted to a creek,
 At country weddings oft did he employ
 His magic, to curtail the bridal joy :
 Did but a blast the face of Heav'n deform,
 'Twas Hell or Syntax conjur'd up the storm,
 Surcharged with whiskey, if he reel'd 'twas plain,
 That too much learning turn'd the sage's brain,
 His well-known fame, more forcible to prop,
 In mill, in forge, and in tobacco shop,
 His woeful ditties woefully were sung,
 Whilst hills and dales with gleeful tumult wrung,
 He bled, sung high-mass-notes, and warants drew,
 Devis'd petitions and indentures too,
 He dealt in riddles, solv'd the neighbours' dreams,
 And knew the *sev'n wise Masters by their names*;
 Some swore he did t' astrology pretend,
 Restored lost butter and old watches mend,
 Consulting swains against hard times he warn'd—
 He mark'd new linen, and old hose he darn'd
 To all his pupils and the peasants near,
 His faithful ring told time thro' half the year,
 His diary appris'd them of the fairs;
 His admonitions still expell'd their cares.
 His voice enrich'd the labours of the muse,
 And charm'd the hamlet when he read the news,
 He could foretell the eclipses o'er and o'er,
 That Grant and Loboissier had told before,
 Could counteract, spell, charm and incantation,
 And wizards keep in due subordination,
 Deep skill'd was he in omens and prognostics,
 And prompt and prone t' investigate acrostics,
 Next to the parish quack in fame was he,
 Next to the clerk in rev'rence and degree.

For agues, tooth-aches, epilepsis, hips,
 So potent his arcanums and recipis.
 That hov'ring dæmons he completely shock'd,
 And old Pandora's box for ever lock'd :
 So great his skill and variously display'd,
 The world pronounc'd him *Jack of every Trade*.
 With fertile genius—quick invention blest,
 Not Auburn's pedant half his fame possest.
 But what avails each flatt'ring plan he drew ?
 Was it for nought on Fancy's wing he flew ?
 Was it for nought the rustic scenes he sung ?
 When *sweet discordance* trickled from his tongue.
 Soft as the murmurs of meand'ring Tweed,
 When highland bagpipes drown the Doric reed :
 E'en I with wonder heard his native lay,
 Rehears'd his songs and chaunted on my way ;
 Could one short eve account for all he writ,
 And prove each strain a miracle of wit.
 But chang'd the times, and chang'd the scenes we saw,
 When smiles were treason, and when whips were law.
 But now no vestige of the man remains,
 No witercraft now his wonted fame sustains :
 No letter'd friend to mark his fate appears,
 No son of genius bathes his urn with tears,
 His unfrequented sepulchre displays,
 A wreath of noxious weeds instead of bayas.
 Yet while my lays survive the wreck of time,
 Syntax shall reign in consecrated rhyme
 The muse he taught in youth to weep, shall give
 The faithful draught, and bid the portraitt live

THE REQUEST.

TO THE

Most Noble the Marquis of Anglesey,

&c. &c. &c.

Lucem redde nostræ dux bonæ patriæ, &c. &c.—Hon.

ILLUSTRIOUS VICEROY ! Hero as thou art,
Accept th' effusions of an honest heart ;
To THEE CONNATIA'S humble Muse aspires,
Unequal far to what the theme requires :
Fir'd with the deeds of that resplendent name,
So eminently good—so dear to fame ;
With unfeign'd joy we hail'd the glorious day,
That safely brought thee cross EBLANA'S bay :
Caress'd at sight—no sooner seen than lov'd,
Mild to all parties—by all men approv'd ;
Whose WORTH, not grandeur, doth our tribute raise,
Whose innate goodness claims the public praise.
Review, my Lord, each scene that here appears,
In the wide circle of nine hundred years ;
Think what dire evils have convuls'd our State,
Like Delos toss'd amid the waves of fate ;
Oh ! think what charms from Liberty arise,
And deign to hear a wretched Nation's cries.

As TITUS good—as ANTONINUS just,
 Protect IERNE—yet fulfil thy trust.
 Her *Prince*—her *Guardian*—her *Belov'd*—her *All*!
 She calls *thee* now, and long she hopes to call;
 In thee she joys—for thee her Poets sing,
 In thee, my Lord, she views her absent King!
 Hear, then, her pray'r—maintain thy heroic name,
 Think Ireland's cause and England's cause the same.
 As pregnant clouds by due degrees expand,
 And pour down plenty o'er the smiling land;
 O'er fertile fields and fragrant beds of flow'rs,
 The honied dews fall in delicious show'rs.
 Just so, your presence on IERNE fell,
 Bade Commerce flourish, and made Art excel;
 Bade morals, deeds, and philosophic zeal,
 O'er persecution's iron rod prevail.
 Hail, noble ANGLESEY!—so good, so great!
 Fierce in the field—in civic pomp sedate:
 By Nature form'd, to soar as well as shine,
 Our morals, manners, and our taste refine;
 Yes, form'd in ev'ry scene to awe, and please,
 Blend wit with pomp, and dignity with ease:
 And quell this hurricane of human storms,
 That shakes a Nation, and a State deforms;
 Chase Bigotry from our distracted Isle!
 And o'er the land make peace and plenty smile:
 Make long-lost UNION thro' the Kingdom reign,
 While you her glory and her rights maintain;
 Let Europe open all her friendly ports,
 Where peace resides, and Briton's flag resorts;
 That we, partakers of her wealth and trade,
 May boast our Faith and Loyalty repaid;
 Then ev'ry worship in religion's cause,
 No longer murmurs 'neath their Penal Laws;
 But past'ral virtue on the plains revive,
 And good example with its precepts strive

To spread the bliss that o'er ARCADIA reign'd,
 And make our land a "Paradise Regain'd."
 Britons shall then their dignity long keep,
 To wield the Trident of the stormy deep :
 Long shall with HONOR their expanded sails,
 Triumphant swell with either India's gales :
 While Princely PAGET gladdens ev'ry plain,
 And Ireland smiles beneath thy happy reign,
 Then shall the Poet and the Painter's art,
 Thy mind and mien to future times impart :
 In Golden Characters t' impress thy praise,
 Which prompt my wishes and inspire my lays :
 Yet, tho' their tribute to their Fate's consign'd,
 Thou'lt reign immortal in a Nation's mind !

TO O'KELLY, ON HIS WESTERN EUDOXOLOGIST.

Thou dost the mirror up to nature hold,
 As Shakespear's precept hath prescrib'd of old
 Where virtue bids the sweet-tongu'd Poet smile,
 Harmonious numbers grace the placid style,
 Where vice uplifts to view her hideous form,
 Just censure swells the bold satiric storm,
 The patriot zeal that spurns the servile yoke,
 Basks in thy praise ; whilst tyrants feel thy stroke,
 And writhe beneath thy lash. The miser weeps,
 And e'en in verse you touch his sordid heaps.
 No rankling malice stains thy spotless page,
 Which stings those only who disgrace the age ;
 Let vice then tremble at O'Kelly's name,
 The censor, moralist, and Bard of fame.
 Tho' Rome her Senecas and Virgils boast,
 Thou bear'st the palm from all the Aonian host,

PHILARETUS.

THE
MODERN SCUPIAD,

MOST HUMBL Y INSCRIBED TO

Major-General Sir Edward Blakeney, K. C. B.

&c. &c. &c.



HAIL, Far-famed Chief!—Britannia's peerless Star!
Thou awful, thund'ring Thunderbolt of war!
Whose heroic deeds have gain'd such vast applause,
Whose sword is ready in your country's cause—
To whom auspicious Nature has been kind,
Blest with a manly figure, and with more manly mind
Oh! could I boast that mellifluous tongue
Of the blest Bard, who young Marcellus sung,
I'd all your boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw your cannons thund'ring in my verse—
Fam'd BADAJOS* augments your high renown,
While other towns† your deeds immortal crown:
Where undismay'd you led the noble strife,
In quest of honor—prodigal of life:
Or, bearing forward, nobler fame inspires,
Wrapt in the centre of conflicting fires,

* The English lost seven Officers killed and eleven wounded, at the storming of Badajoz, after twenty days hard fighting.

† Albuera, Salamanca, Pampeluna, &c. &c. &c.

The bold Brigades rush on—and now they broke
 Thro' flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke !
 As when the God that sways the foamy main,
 Bursts o'er his bounds, and sweeps along the plain,
 His rushing, roaring deluges convey,
 Whole houses, harvests, herds and flocks away.
 Just so, the fearless *Fusileers* have prest,
 And from their Chief receiv'd the stern behest :
 With storm of wrods that nobly did inspire
 Each soldier's breast with more than martial fire.
 (Not so, the coward's tongue can only fight,
 And feet were giv'n him but to speed his flight.)
 Loud echoing shouts are heard from side to side,
 The gore commix'd with GUADIANA's tide,
 And all the heapy ruins the red'ning river dy'd }
 That mingled with the waves the flowing blood,
 And turn'd the crystal to a purple flood.
 Fierce as devouring flames the battle burns,
 And now it rises—now it sinks by turns.
 Here bleeding Britons issued many a groan,
 More for their country's wounds than for their own.
 Now fly the leaden show'rs, above, below,
 The deathful balls along the ramparts glow.
 From roaring guns the instant thunder ran,
 Swords clash with swords, and man oppos'd to man.
 Iron and lead from earth's dark caverns torn,
 Like show'rs of hail from either side are borne ;
 So wild the rage of madden'd mortals goes,
 Hurling their mother's entrails on their foes.
 Destructive fires in dreadful rage appear,
 And brains and gore the slipp'ry walls besmear.
 Wild ruin—sad distress—untimely fate—
 And weeping woe around the Gauls await.
 Like thieves surpriz'd, whilst they divide their prize,
 Still seeming doubtful where there safety lies.
 HORROR was ne'er to such advantage seen,
 As in each Frenchman's meagre-looking mien.

Disorder, death, destruction and disgrace,
 And pale confusion glar'd in ev'ry face.
 They now retire 'mid show'rs of leaden ball,
 Thro' flying deaths they stagger, faint and fall.
 Some threaten loud, while some for quarter cry,
 And some insult, while some in torment die—
 Some stood th' unequal fight, and some retir'd,
 And throngs on throngs promiscuously expir'd.
 As storms the air, or earthquakes rend the ground,
 Your *Fusileers* have scatter'd death around :
*Fierce—gallant—brave—*they shot thro' ev'ry place,
 Driving their foes to flight, and hurrying on the chase.
 The Britons now victorious in the fray,
 Mow down the ranks of war, and nobly gain the day.
 P.S.—Farewell, my FRIEND ! with dignity elate,
 Great in the field—pre-eminently great !
 Not here alone, at many a town you bore,
 The hottest fight, and rul'd the loud *uproar* !
 Your tow'ring soul is ever still the same,
 Unmov'd by fear—yet mov'd by martial fame.
 Thy Hectorean deeds must ever shine,
 Beyond eternal—deathless and divine.

THE SOUND SLEEPER.

When PRISSY the gay, to old GRIPUS was wed,
 Sister wish'd her motive to know ;
 And vow'd e'er she'd take the old Mortal to bed,
 She'd lead Apes in the Regions below.
 " As to that," replied PRISSY, " pursue your old plan,
 " But I beg you'll let me pursue mine ;
 " That old Mortal has settled a thousand per Ann.
 " And my dear, he is just Eighty-nine !
 " When this is consider'd I think Ann you'll own,
 " That your sister has acted quite right :
 " I've a thousand inducements to untie my zone
 " *And he sleeps like a top in the night ! ! !*"

EPITHALAMUM.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF HOWTH.



Hail noble Howth!—amidst the joys that swell
 Thy youthful heart, where *all the virtues dwell*!
 Wilt thou accept or deign to hear the lays,
 The humble tribute that the Poet pays.
 Bloom worthy *Solan*, of an honor'd Stem
 With added lustre from that sparkling gem!
 That blooming shoot, ingrafted on the tree,
 Where hang, like golden fruit, St. Laurence' pedigree
 Amidst the gratulations of the great,
 These things of course that haunt the lordly state—
 Amidst the humbler, but the more sincere
 The sportful joys that spread around thee here,
 That fill thy Tenants' breasts devoid of art;
 That swell the Widow's and the Orphan's heart.
 Wilt thou receive the complimentary Card
 Of P. O'KELLY, thine, and Nature's Bard!
 And thou, sweet Lady!—GALWAY's pink and pride,
 The brightest Gem that Studded Shannon's side!
 The fairest Flower that on the evening gale
 Er'e shed its fragrance o'er PORTUMNA's vale!
 Wilt thou!—all-lovely as thou art receive
 The bridal *Wreath* that tuneful Poets weave:
 Wilt thou fit subject for a Byron's Muse!
 My rude, tho' heartfelt, compliments refuse?
 Ah no! all gentle, feeling, as thou art
 Thou wouldst not wound the artless Poet's heart.
 Thou! a DE BURGH—enough—enough! my fame
 Descends for ages borne by such a Name!!!

SONG OF THE MUSES.

I.

" Minstrels of Erin, seize the Lyre,
 And we to pay you for your pains,
 Shall inspire your dulcet strains.
 Strike then, strike with more than wonted fire,
 Sweep the chords with animation,
 Tell your gay delighted nation !
 That bright Fames'—Purest Names,
 Are join'd—are united in HOWTH and DE BURGH.

II.

Bards of Erin ! sound in air
 While the wand'ring frenzied eye
 Is rolling over Beauty's sky
 Name the brightest Jewel there,
 And then proclaim amongst the Brave
 Whose plume should, highest, proudest, wave
 Hark ! around,—'Tis Fame's sound !
 Announcing the names of HOWTH and DE BURGH !

III.

Happy, favour'd sons of song !
 While your keen, prophetic eyes,
 Read the secret of the skies ;
 Sweep with steady hand along,
 Note what lovely Girls and Boys
 Doating parents, dearest joys,
 Play before,—The Castle door,
 Of munificent HOWTH, and beauteous DE BURGH

IV

Who, however, shall we choose
 To pour the fervid lay,
 On this Auspicious Day ?
 " O'KELLY" said Connell's Muse
 Yes, yes, to him the Honor be,
 Let him pour the Minstrelsy :
 Let him recite,—While we indite,
 The Epithalamium of HOWTH and DE BURGH !

EPITHALAMIUM.

ADDRESSED TO THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF CLANRICKARDE.



Harp of my Country! long unstrung,
Let me brush the dust away,
That years of suffering o'er thee flung,
That damped the sound of thy melodious lay.
Muse of my Country! soft and sweet,
Were thy notes in days of yore;
But low and plaintive have they beat
Since the fell STRANGER trod our shore.
Yet to madness—fury—driven,
They were sometimes wild and shrill,
As the thund'ring voice of Heaven,
Rolling o'er CROUGH-PATRICK hill:
Harp of my Country!—many a tear,
Has dropped on thy neglected strings,
But methinks this fateful year,
Happier days to Erin brings.
Let me strike—ah dull and faint,
Are the sounds that once could call;
Patriot Bard! and patriot Saint!
Patriot Warrior to the Hall!
Try again—the sacred fire,
Darts from yonder sable cloud;
(Attracted by the trembling wire)
That wraps Parnassus in a shroud,
Hark! they are the same bold straits,
That fir'd the BRAVE in days of yore:
To heap with Danish dead the plains,
To dye with Danish blood the shore!

Muse of my country ! prune thy wing,
 Gaily sweep thy tow'ring way :
 Teach thy votary now to sing,
 Long unused, the joyful lay.

THE SONG.

Sons of the Isle ! where Beauty's smile,
 Beams brightest on fair woman's face :
 Sons of the Isle !—where insects vile,
 Behind them leave no poisonous trace.
 Come, hear my lays—Prepare the bays,
 For the young LORD's brows,—For his lovely SPOUSE,
 For CLANRICKARDE the noble and CANNING the FAIR !
 Sons of the land, where the outstretched hand,
 Of the native invites to his humble home :
 Sons of the land, where stranger band,
 Drove the native often in exile to roam,
 Let the salt tear cease,—For the branch of peace,
 The blest olive bough,—Waves over us now,
 In the hands of CLANRICKARDE and CANNING the FAIR !
 Sons of the plains ! where the Poet's strains,
 Add speed to the flight of Cupid's dart :
 Sons of the plains where virtue reigns,
 Supreme in the sensitive female heart :
 The Bard had lent us,—The statesman sent us,
 Two Hostages as dear,—As HOPE's pearly tear,
 In the noble CLANRICKARDE and CANNING the FAIR.
 Land ! where the waves of Ocean's caves,
 Play'd gay round the shore as Freedom's smile !
 But for ages past, where the rough rude blast,
 Of Tyranny, blew o'er our much-lov'd Isle.
 Oh ! cease to grieve,—For the crown I weave !
 Shall shine like the steady beacon's light,
 On Alga's (hitherto) hopeless night,
 Round the brows of CLANRICKARDE and CANNING the FAIR !

CASTLE-KELLY.

Written in the year 1792, on the absence of that honorable Family.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO THE REV. ARMSTRONG KELLY.

And is it thus that mansions great and good,
 The seat of ev'ry VIRTUE must expire ?
 Is there no saving—freedom-guarding mode,
 To fix the Patriot or to string the Lyre !
 To win THEM back, fam'd Kelly, to that DOME,
 Where genial life found ev'ry rich abode :
 Can aught on earth detain THEM from thine home,
 The gen'ral weal—thy Country or thy God !
 Ah ! what fond thousands here thy loss deplore !
 Whose loss of losses ne'er shall feel decay,
 Return !—with blessings to depart no more,
 To sow triumphant Virtue—and her sway,
 For THEM the Olive shall expand her bloom,
 The Groves shall sing and shouts await thy call,
 Each poet's strain from strong conviction's loom,
 Shall sing your Hospitality's fam'd HAIL.
 Now tho' deserted—that frequented scene,
 Where ev'ry boon of social virtue dwelt !
 Shall still behold PASTORA—long-lov'd Queen !
 Whose breast each joy and misery has felt,
 Her soothing voice shall bid their sorrows cease,
 Her eye shall look benignity around :
 Her breast shall have her God-head's cloudless peace
 And strew with joy fam'd CASTLE-KELLY'S GROUND.
 Sweet were thy *Flowers*—lov'd Castle-Kelly's fame !
 Fond are thy sons of Liberty's best lore,
 Wert thou not born fair freedom's fane to frame ?
 Transfix its rights and ev'ry worth restore !
 Yes—truly good thy country long shall name,
 Blest fav'rite Villa all thy virtues o'er !
 Tell what sage PATRIOTS, from thy lineage came ;
 And greatly just for CASTLE-KELLY SOAR.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

JOHN THOMAS WALLER, ESQ.

Inscribed to his high-minded and ever-to-be remembered Father,

JOHN WALLER, of Castle-town-Waller, Esq.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus,
Tum Cari Capitis ?*

HOR.

When, freed from Earth, a WALLER's spirit flies,
 Say, shall his *Manes*, his celestial shade,
 Retire,—to mingle with its native skies,
 And like all *vulgar themes* ignobly fade ?
 Shall HE, whose glowing sense could ever view,
 The bloom of wit break forth, with raptur'd eye,
 Shall HE whose breast (to each fine feeling true,)
 Thrill'd at the tender poet's heaving sigh;
 'Mid tasteless pride's ungifted offspring, sleep,
 'Mid mould'ring vanity's low-minded throng,
 Say, shall not sorrowing science ever weep ;—
 Raise to her noble FRIEND the tragic song.
 He's gone ! who lov'd the muse ! his fost'ring hand,
 Cherish'd her labours with parental care,
 He strove to prop the Bard of Erin's strand,
 And hop'd to see him brave the rig'rous air.
 Long shall his mem'ry draw the pitying sigh,
 Long shall remember'd bounties start the tear,
 Long shall his munificence death defy,
 And blossom o'er the Song-escutcheon'd bier.

That noble mind by ev'ry blessing stor'd,
 And maturated by improving time,
 Did to his breast the best of gifts afford,
 A solid judgment and a soul sublime.
 That social goodness which the heart endears,
 Compos'd one leading feature of the Man ;
 Ennobling friendship ripen'd with his years,
 And thro' his life in high perfection ran.
 Lament his loss you grief-envelop'd train ;
 Go, meek-ey'd charity, and droop thine head—
 Children of sorrow, poverty and pain,
 Our FRIEND lies number'd with th' illustrious dead !
 I see the sorrows of a Father's heart,
 His deep-felt sighs imagination hears,
 As he surveys with agonizing smart,
 His only son—*now* !—*now* !—bedew'd with tears.
 If candid truth—an elevated mind,
 If soft-ey'd, pity melting at distress,
 If innate goodness—love for human kind,
 A heart to dictate and a hand to bless ;
 If ev'ry bright-rob'd virtue of the just,
 For spotless HONOR wave th' unfading wreath,
 The hand of time shall consecrate his dust,
 And past'ral dirges o'er his tomb shall breathe.
 The shelter'd orphan, by the mother taught,
 With rapture on his memory shall dwell,
 His weeping tenantry, with remembrance fraught,
 Shall mourn responsive to each passing knell.
 Admir'd—distinguish'd—self-approv'd—caress'd,
 Th' uncertain stage of varying life he trod,
 Regretted now, he finds eternal rest,
 His relics here—His virtues with his GOD !

EPITAPH.

Within this vault the Patriot WALLER lies,
 WALLER the good, the gen'rous, and the wise;
 Who never whisper'd in a Viceroy's ear,
 Nor wish'd to shine a Placeman or a Peer—
 But, free from passions that distract the great,
 Without oppression rais'd a large estate:
 Enrich'd his vassals, taught the poor to thrive,
 And kept the flame of Charity alive.
 Much by kind Providence to him was giv'n,
 And much he wisely lent the poor—and Heav'n;
 Heav'n now rewards him for his pious deeds,
 An endless life the stroke of death succeeds—
 Yet, tho' he's dead, his long-surviving fame,
 Shall wanton pride and tyranny reclaim;
 To gen'rous deeds incite each neighb'ring Squire,
 Tho' few on earth can equal SON or SIRE!

FROM A HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

Come ROMANZINA let's agree at last,
 To love and live in quiet;
 Let's tie the knot so very fast
 That time shall ne'er untie it—
 Love's dearest joys they never prove
 Who free from quarrels live,
 'Tis sure the tend'rest part of love,
 Each other to forgive.
 When least I seem'd concern'd I took
 No pleasure and no rest,
 And when I feign'd an angry look,
 'Tis then I lov'd you best!—
 Say but the same to me, you'll find,
 How blest will be your fate,
 Ah! to be grateful—to be kind
 Sure never is too late.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING,

"Justitia soror
 "Incorrupta Fides nudaque Veritas
 "Quando ullum invenient parem?" Hor.

*God takes the good, too good on earth to stay
 And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.*

AND art thou fled! great CANNING! and with *thee*
 The hopes to each IERNIAN heart most dear;
 Thou from Britannia's helm art torn—and *we*
 Thus disappointed—and our joys so NEAR.
 Lo, to our eye! the scenes of promise, bright
 With our lov'd Country's ripening glories rose;
 Where social love (to all each equal right
 Imparted) soothed passion to repose.
 Ah hapless ISLE!—ah Heav'n! *too, too* severe!
 How great our woes thro' many a former AGE:
 Not now to swell our sorrows, not to tear
 Our FAV'RITE from us, who'd those pangs assuage.
 Who now his PARTNER, DAUGHTER, can console?
 What pleasures can afford to them relief?—
 What magic chase from their afflicted soul
 Their weight of woe--their great, their boundless grief?
 Support them Heav'n!—for Thou alone can'st shed
 That holy balm, that heals th' internal wound;
 And bids th' enlighten'd soul, devoid of dread,
 Look o'er this gloomy world's mysterious bound.

CLANRICARDE !* too, thy loss indeed is great !—
 Gone !—is thy Prop—thy Patron and thy Guide,
 Who *nobly struggling for our wretched State,*
 But in *that noble struggle*, ah ! he died !
 Behold ! Britannia pauses o'er his grave,
 Pensive upon her pointed spear inclined :
 Bemoaning now the *Bountiful—the Brave !*
 And with sad feelings swell her lab'ring mind.
 While POESY all veil'd in sablest hue !
 Now clasping her *lost Friend's* lamented urn ;
 A Friend to HONOR, MERIT, JUSTICE—true,
 Whose taintless thought each grov'ling art did'st spurn.
 'Twixt factious phrenzy and imperial pow'r,
 He took like PUBLIUS his determined stand ;
 With Roman spirit fraught, and attic lore,
 Full in the vanward of the patriot band.
 To these he taught the dignity of man ;
 Full well his *duties* and his *claims* he knew ;
 And from the study of the mighty plan,
 A copious store of mingled knowledge drew.—
 His was the heart that felt for ERIN's woes,
 His the kind ear that listen'd to her call ;
 And his the zeal that, with the wish to close
 Her ev'ry wound—embrac'd her CHILDREN all !
 Rous'd by his *Genius*—not less bright than frank,
 And by the ardour of his spirit warm'd ;
 ERIN would scorn her low inglorious rank,
 By fav'ring *Nature* for a higher form'd !
 His ev'ry thought had IRELAND still in view ;
 His ev'ry act was Liberty most pure,
 Lamented *here* 'mid Seraphim he flew
 To Heav'nly regions, where he rests secure.
 And there on high, in presence of his GOD,
 He pours forth pray'rs to save our *own Green Isle*,
 That scourg'd too long by cruel hostile rod,
 O ! may she soon enjoy fair FREEDOM's smile !

* His Son-in-law, the Most Noble the MARQUIS CLANRICARDE.

ELEGY

ON HENRY FLOOD, Esq.

For which the Author received a GOLD MEDAL from the Provost and
Fellows of Trinity College Dublin, in the Year 1792.

Quævis fuit, Memoria tenet; quævis latet, semper plerubimus.

ILLUSTRIOUS shade! to white-rob'd Candour true,
Accept this tribute to thy merits due:
Oh, FLOOD! whose tongue like torrents on the soul
Has taught conviction's strongest flash to roll!
Did not the genius of bright freedom's cause
Speak thy defence of government and laws:
Sunk to the grave—lamented ever dear,
Thy name shall live thro' each revolving year,
While ALMA's sons that seat of ev'ry lore,
Shall long the gen'ral deep-felt loss deplore;
Weep o'er thine Urn, long venerate thy dust,
Thou steady, faithful GUARDIAN of thy trust,
Whose voice was honest, tho' corruption frown'd,
And spite of censure stood on patriot ground;
Just to OLD ERIN, and to its language just,
Its richest tropes shall mark thy sacred Bust;
That happy language, nervous, bold, and strong,
That drives impetuous floods and flames along;
Burst on the ear and catch th' impassion'd heart,
Can all the LOVER and the CHIEF impart.
When IRELAND'S BARDS, like other Homers sung,
Like Hybla's honey sweet was every tongue,
Till false in fashion pride its worth o'ercame,
And British genius overturned its claim:

Yet from thy MEED shall all its beauties rise,
 And Irish MAROS modern pride despise.
 Burst ev'ry shackle that enslav'd so long,
 The tuneful pow'rs of Eloquence and Song.
 Oh, ever noble!—ever princely! say,
 Is there no heart to tread thy FREEBORN way?
 To stand with glory in IERNÉ's cause
 Or vindicate her Liberties and Laws:
 Tho' other FLOODS at Bar and Senate shine,
 Yet shall thy worth, unrival'd in thy line,
 Bloom, ever bloom, like blossoms in the Spring,
 And wreathes unfading to thy Country bring;
 Thy pow'rs unequall'd long with Fame shall stand
 Unbrib'd—unpension'd—long pervade the land!
 Thy name—thy virtues—live in ev'ry heart,
 Proof against vice and each seducing art;
 To unborn millions sav'd from Slav'ry's rod,
 Live in thy fame as fav'rite of thy GOD!!



INVOCATION TO PEACE OF MIND.

Come, gentle Peace! when wilt thou deign,
 To be my bosom's guest?
 Ah! when resume thy tranquil reign,
 In my distracted breast?
 Oh, come! thy healing aid impart,
 And soothe the anguish of my heart!
 But, oh! Religion! Heav'nly Maid,
 While in this vale of tears,
 To thee! alone I flee for aid,
 'Midst all my hopes and fears;
 'Tis only thou canst purest bliss bestow,
 Since Peace with thee alone is found below.

ELEGY ON MISS ARABELLA WALLER,

DAUGHTER TO BOLTON WALLER, ESQ.

So blooms the Rose when Syria's gales
 Their sweet ambrosial odours shed ;
 But when a blust'ring blast prevails,
 It droops—and all its beauties fade !
 Ah ! wither'd Flow'r !—Ah ! wither'd Fair !
 Alike your charms—alike your date
 Flow on my verse on WALLER's bier,
 Sweet victim of an early fate !
 Ye Relatives cease now to grieve
 At Heav'ns irrevocable doom,
 That blasted all your hopes and gave
 The spring of beauty to the tomb !
 O ! savage Death ! of savage race ;
 No time—no respite found from thee :
 Could you not spare that lovely face,
 An Angel might with envy see !
 Blest Maid !—now fled on virtue's wing,
 Too soon we now thy loss deplore,
 Poor victim of Death's ruthless sting ;
 For ever gone to come no more !!

EPITAPH.

Stop, gentle Reader ! for this sacred place,
 Implores the mournful tribute of your sighs ;
 For here interr'd lies ev'ry female grace,
 Here the nipt bloom of sweetest beauty lies.
 When the last trumpet's loud terrific sound,
 Shall wake to judgment, and bid man arise,
 Here the fair form of ARABELLA's found :
 Nor shall a lovelier Seraph mount the skies !

THE O'SHAUGHNESSYANUM.

Quis talia fando,
Temperat a lacrymis?—VING.

*The humble Petition of Daniel O'Shaughnessy, the famous
Poor Scholar ;—To the Priest of the Parish.*

That I went to Newbliss th' other day, ('twas Sunday
morning I remember,
For I was not there, you must know, before, since the
latter end of September,)
There was a desp'rate fire in the kitchen ; so myself sate
down very snug ;
Till Miss Kitty (God bless her) came down, and brought
me the full of the jug,
“ Is that Daniel ? ” says she, “ 'tis good for sore èyes to
see the stranger ”—
“ 'Twas the want of my health, madam,” says I myself,
“ that made me become a ranger : ”
“ I travell'd many a weary step betwixt Ennis and Clare,
“ And went to Six-mile-bridge itself, but Doctor Carroll
“ was not there : ”
“ He's here in the house,” says she, “ as good a man as
“ ever trod in leather,”
“ For he cures all the common people without asking
a single feather.”
“ Common people ! ” says myself ; “ I know what that
expression means : ”
“ Pardon me, Daniel,” says she, “ I know there is good
blood in your veins : ”

"Th' O'Shaughnessies, madam," says myself, "are the most populous people in the land :

"Indeed I meant no harm," says Miss Kitty: "so with that she took me by the hand."

"Then I went up to the parlour; and to be sure they were all very glad—

"Your welcome Daniel," says Master Michael, (indeed a very courteous lad.)

So the Doctor look'd at myself, as who should say "what brought you here?"

"Most noble Sir!" says I myself, "I am sick these three quarters of a year:

"My forefathers wore cloth of Gold, altho' myself be clad in Frize;"—

"That's not the thing," says the Doctor, "but tell me "where your disorder lies?"

"Why, Sir," says I, "you must know that I was three years and half with Mister Madden;

As stout a scholar, by St. Patrick, as ever knew Greek or Latin;

But now the small of my back is weaker than an ozier twig;

And I cannot go to school, nor read, nor write, nor dig. So the Doctor look'd at young Mick, and began to smile and wink,

"Ah, Gentlemen!" says myself, "I am not such a man "as you think:

"It was reading Horace very fast, and lying often on the "ground,

"That gave my constitution at last a mortiferous wound:"

"Well," says the Doctor, "bathe in cold water, 'tis the best thing that you can do;

"And I'll engage your back will be strong enough in a month or two."

'Celeberrime Vir!' says myself, is it safe to dip in the frigid wave?"

Yes, yes," says he, "my good lad," so with that myself took my leave.

'Twas then I went to Rookwood: I saw the chimney greatly smoking,

"Well, well," says I to myself, "that I'll dine there—
"is past all joking."

So I went to the kitchen door, and being a lad of excellent shape,

I bow'd down my head, as you understand, and made a very courteous scrape.

Then I took out my book of knowledge, and fell a reading very loud,

Till all the servants gath'ring round me, look'd like a fair-day crowd.

"O dear me!" says the Cook, "I'd give my green-gown I read so gay;"

"Why d——n me! says the tea-boy, "that lad would—
"read Latin with a face of clay:"

"Pray, Sir!" says Winny Walsh, "what is it you read—
"in Aristotle?"

"That you will be married to a tailor without goose,
"sheep, or cattle:"

"To a tailor!" says the Tea-boy?—Do! sir, what trade do you follow?

"I'm no mechanic," says I myself, "but a true son of Apollo."

"What Polly do you mean?" says he, "why d——n my blood, you look like a goose,"

Harkee, friend!" says I myself, "do you know, to whom—
"you give that abuse?"

"I'm none of your red-patch'd gaffers nor your lick-plate—livery fops,"

So I *ups* with my fist and gave him a lick across the chops.

" Murder !" says he, " murder !" says myself, so to it we
went, clitter clatter ;

Till Miss Kitty, herself, ran down and ask'd what was
the matter ?

But when she seen myself over head and ears in a po
of broth,

O God ! says she, the scholar is drown'd, 'tis a pity faith
and troth !

" Why madam," says Winny Walsh, " 'twas himself
struck Tim across the pate,

" Tim is a rogue," says she, by the same token he never
will not taste my meat :

So getting a short discharge (now this is the truth as I'm
a sinner ;))

He went off with a flea in his ear, and as the saying is,
without his dinner.

'Twas then Miss Betty came down (to be sure I never
seen her such,))

" O Lord !" says she, " Mister Scholar " I admire your
courage very much :

Fye, Winny ! do not weep—sure you can take himself
for a spark,

'Pon my honor, he can write a ballad with any man from
this to Cork."

Bright Goddess ! says I myself, who art much chaster
than Britomartis,

I adore your worshipful face—" *Opus Naturæ non Artis !*

When Mistress Kelly heard the Latin, as she is always
very discerning,

And is very civil to lads such as myself of polite learn-
ing :

" Hark'ee Tim !" says she, " lay the cloth—may the
" weavers steal my yarn,

If I don't respect him more than one with gold-lace
hounds and horn."

So when myself eat my 'nough, that I had done and that
I could do no more :

I put my *lavings* in my satchel, as I had often done before:
Then I went to the river side, the river was full up to the
brim,

I stript off all the clothes I had, and so I began to swim ;
But little did I dream, that all my substance would be
taken,

When I saw the big house dog run away with my books
and bacon,

O Tearcoat! says I, murder! says I, what is that you're
going to do?—

So he turn'd about his angry nose as who'd say, what is
that to you ?

Myself was in such a fright, I did not know where to sit
or stand,

So at length I met John the Clerk with a white pole in
his hand

Dear John! says I, to be sure says I, you never heard of
such a case ;

Sure Tearcoat took my satchel and eat it up before my
face!

I know that Duke, says John, since first he wore a leath-
ern collar,

And I'll take my bible-book he plunder'd many a ragged
scholar ;

Ragged scholar! says myself, pray John! hold your
prate,—

So I went to the shepherd's house for you must know
it was very late ;

The woman prepar'd a goose, that was fit for the lord of
the manor,

Mister O'Shaughnessy! says she, your learning deserves
greater honour.

But what you'll do for bed, is a thing myself does not know :

For the Cows eat all the straw last week in the time of the snow :

But you can lie with ourselves, for Charles went from home this day ;

Hark'ee, woman! says myself, do you know what you're going to say ?

" *Odi profanum Vulgus*"—don't you know that I am a man of letters ;

Well then if you be wise, you never will think of your betters.

So myself stretch'd my weary limbs, and fell asleep in a trice,

For my satchel, you know, being gone, I was not afraid of the mice ;

Then I dreamt the house of Rockwood was full of ladies and people ;

And that ev'ry candle in the parlour was as high as a steeple,

Methought I stood at the door when Mrs. Kelly got up from the table ;

Gentlemen and Ladies! says she, 'pon my honour I'll tell you no fable ;

Behold that worthy youth!—altho' he cannot dance or caper,

He could write verse with any man that could set pen to paper :

But Tearcoat stole his satchel, for which I'll hang the nasty thief!—

Now four or five ten-pennies from you would be great relief :

So the Ladies felt their pockets and each brought out a goodly piece ;

Which were as welcome to myself, as if I got Jason's Golden fleece :

Now sir! if you'd speak to Mrs. Kelly to make this vision true,

Poor Daniel, as in duty bound would ever pray for her and you.

THE FUNERAL.

THE moon arose obscurely dark and clouded,
In fogs the vales, in mists the hills were shrouded ;
From neighb'ring crops the pedling cadgers sped,
And whipp'd their garrons thus, too cheaply fed ;
The grunting sows enjoy the partial light,
To glean the random dropping of the night.
And now the villagers were bustled seen,
To throng the Funeral of EVELEEN ;
The rustic hoydens carefully prepare,
The wholesome mawfreight of their morning fare,
Their high-caul'd caps were border'd and beloam'd,
Their brogues were butter'd, and their foreheads comb'd,
An equal care the selfish pride employs,
The titrating labour of the boys,
Their stockings ruffled, with peculiar grace,
And strong brass-pins supplied the cravat's place.
In simple guise the old and pious went,
Thro' holy views on charity intent ;
And now with great respect the matrons crowd,
They see old EVELEEN in her latest shroud,
Her old companions take a last farewell,
They seem the fondest who in shouts excel :
The aged hags to qualify their throats
For all the varied forms of woeful notes,
If thro' roaring fondness hoarse and tir'd,
With brimful cups of potteen are inspir'd,
And then once more they chorus'd *Whillaloo*,
In all its wild extravagance renew ;

Tho' ev'ry thought of friendly reason fled,
 With shouts they puff'd their fondness for the dead.
 Now round the door the busy crowds appear,
 And shoulder'd Eveleen upon her bier,
 Her friends are foremost from her lov'd abode,
 Thro' ancient custom to sustain the load.
 Another scene does in the bawn appear,
 Of garrons saddled scarcely once a year,
 Which knotted bridles vainly can restrain ;
 Impatient now to ramble on the plain,
 On girtless saddles next the riders try'd
 With Parthian skill the rearing hacks to guide.
 The saddles rop'd or timid riders chang'd,
 At length the steeds were peaceably arrang'd
 Until the hoydens seem'd to mount behind ;
 The lads they lov'd, who now were clean and kind.
 The garrons never used to carry double,
 Appear'd to mock their owner's care and trouble ;
 Press'd by the weight of one promiscuous fall,
 Down come the hoydens, pillions, boys and all,
 To tame the fury mettle of the steed,
 Thro' neighb'ring fields he's forced with eager speed,
 And then returning weary, tam'd and heated,
 Allow the brawny hoydens to be seated.—
 With solemn gait the throng'd procession goes,
 While shouts declare the wildness of their woes !
 But who is she so pitiful and loud ?
 Whose shrieks awake the notice of the crowd ;
 A stranger she to ev'ry one unknown,
 But thought a friend—as all she did bemoan ;
 At last her frantic shew of anguish o'er
 What corpse is that she kindly does implore ?
 Some laugh at all the trouble of the creature,
 And more approve her friendly, fond good nature.
 The church-yard gain'd, old EVELEEN is laid
 Close to the gate until the grave is made

The Priest was foremost in the solemn row,
 Who mark'd her last appearance here below,
 Her Rites perform'd—all usual duty o'er,
 Young, grave, and old sustain a wild uproar.
 Close to the walls the lazy loungers sit,
 Who came to smoke, to drink, to scoff, or skit,
 And others round the gloomy limits stroll,
 To trace a friend's cold lodgings and condole;
 And youthful widows of their mate depriv'd,
 Bewail'd the pensive moments they surviv'd
 Their Husband's loss, while friendly bumps descry,
 The wild affection darting from the eye;
 Charm'd with the loveliness of bloom in tears,
 In love's deep snare they're over head and ears!

THE STREAM DIVINE.

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1794.

1. WINE the human soul inspires,
 And kindles all its genial fires;
 With ardor wings a lover's sighs,
 And shines relentless in his eyes:
 Give me then the Stream-divine,
 Give me love, and give me wine!
2. Sober mortals cease to prate,
 'Tis only wine can friends create:
 Joining lib'ral soul to soul,
 Friendship hails the flowing bowl:
 Give me then the stream divine,
 Give me friendship, give me wine!
3. Wine can truest pleasure boast,
 Happy he!—who drinks the most;
 He can FORTUNE'S malice dare,
 And can spurn the frowns of care:
 Give me then the stream divine,
 And let ev'ry bliss be mine!

THE HYMENEAL ORGIES,

OR

THE PRIEST'S BEST PENNY.



I greet my Muse, who may be fairly counted,
 A Lazy-Hack as ever Poet mounted :
 A Jade, that ev'ry Blockhead would enjoy,
 But still in vain ; because extremely coy,
 Yet, by mere dint of serious Invocation,
 I mean to win, or pitch her to damnation !!!
 As all our Grand and Petit Jurors do,
 And oft' 'tis known the Priest and Parson too !!!
With or without her aid, I sing the Wedding,
 From scratching time at dawn, to th' hour of bedding :
 Till Pork and Whiskey clos'd the festive scene,
 And Tague was ripe to grunt with Cattleen.

Soon as bright Sol our dunghills did adorn,
 And crowing Cocks, and Cur-dogs hail'd the morn ;
 When smoke in volumes roll'd o'er thatchless roofs
 And Tinkers, Pipers, Rag-men on the hoofs
 Cast from their Kennels and forsaken fleas,
 Allow'd their blood-stain'd nails a writ of ease.
 When scrubbing, scouring, scalding, broom and shovel,
 Combin'd to grace and ornament the hovel :
 Joan's kindred friends, a motly group complete,
 Flock'd in from ev'ry side to grace the Fete ;

To prove their prowess and their teeth to try,
 And Potteen's known omnipotence defy :
 To howl such notes as cannot be forgot,
 And revel in a systematic trot.

Our Barber first, a most judicious wight,
 To scalp a mazzard, or a jest recite,
 Came foremost half an Hamlet to unbristle,
 E're he would grease his chops or *wet* his whistle ;
 With hand so tremulous and blunted saw,
 To hack and lacerate a leathern jaw.

The solemn Clerk inur'd to gulp and swill,
 To tell old tales, and catechise with skill ;
 With Wake, and Chapel-news an ample store,
 The Priest himself had scarcely treasur'd more ;
 And with sound lungs and memory complete
 Th' admiring flock pronounc'd him a Gazette ;
 To prove him hungry and sincerely thirsting,
 Work'd double tides till rotten ripe for bursting :
 Determined still to play the hardy sinner,
 And with full gout to gormandize a dinner.

The dingy Smith, be-dusted and be-sweated,
 With fresh Forge-news eachstragglng Guest he treated.

The Miller next came forward to reveal,
 The woeful wonders of a hopper tale.

The Constable by virtue of his staff,
 Arriv'd betimes, thirsting a flood to quaff ;
 To keep the peace obedient to his Worship,
 And wrest from daring-hands the Pike and Horse-whip.

The Bleeder and the Cow-leech came together,
 With sage foreboding of the wind and weather :
 With solemn gait and hypocritic air,
 To win respect and feast on dainty fare.

The snuffling Groom, whose purple nose was wry'd,
 The valiant Cbler, oft in battle tried ;
 And limping Luke, and Barnaby the strong,
 This fam'd for wrestling,—that renown'd for song

Next Gerund-Grinder, whose sublime orations,
 Play hide and seek with all the conjugations :
 In loud debate the Priest he values not,
 And can spout Latin, fast as curs can trot ;
 With knowledge great, and faculties so good,
 When most he speaks he least is understood ;
 With learning pregnant ancient manners grac'd,
 Confess'd a Delphian Oracle at least.

The Taylor nimble as an August flea,
 At length arriv'd, to frisk the hours away ;
 The Clowns despising ev'ry Fop so nice,
 No form would furnish for the King of L**e !
 Unask'd he came—and not a bit remain'd,
 But Bacon-skins of juice and substance drain'd ;
 The blunted knives no morsel could divide,
 His scissors here the painful task supplied ;
 Clipp'd off in bits and cabbag'd by his Law ;
 His grinders felt the craving of his maw.

Hurroo ! here comes the Piper and the Bard !
 Determin'd each to play a leading Card ;
 In mirth and jollity at once to revel,
 And pitch their cares and crutches to the Devil.

These with their wives, their sisters, daughters came,
 With stout Red Rose long trumpett'd by fame ;
 Young Green so glorious in her best array,
 Whose easy heart became a Footman's prey :
 Nan the coy nymph, that shunn'd the Squire's embrace,
 The Coachman's Dowdy, with her brandy-face ;
 Capricious Mag, who from her lover stray'd ;
 And Jenny Stitch, a most undoubted Maid ;
 Nell oft entangled in her husband's hair ;
 Fat Peg who ne'er came sober from a fair.
 Old Prudence envious of each Neighbour's bliss ;
 And buxom Bess that ne'er refused a kiss ;
 Young widow Wag whose heart had stray'd from Heav'n
 And sweet Miss Bab a child of twenty-seven ;

The matron Midwife brawny as a hulk,
 And wond'rous to behold in size and bulk ;
 A moving mountain mop'd ; a faithful guide,
 To model, manage, and instruct the Bride :
 Lo ! Fanny Curl, link'd with my Lady's-maid,
 As friends stepp'd in to see the Bride array'd ;
 In such rare gear as would astound the throng,
 Enrich a ballad and adorn a song.
 The gentry next, complete the hurly-burly,
 To grace the nuptials of sweet Joan Mac-Cagly ;
 The Squire,—the Farmer, and the Farmer's Mate ;
 Some to enjoy the fun ; and some to eat.
 Improv'd in grease the Cook who could forget
 Surcharg'd with Potteen and bedaub'd with sweat !
 To roast and *spoil*, who has so rare a knack,
 The world must venerate the Saffron Sack ;
 She tugg'd,—she toil'd,—she foam'd and fretted too,
 Nay ev'n she swore the Dinner to undo.

A horde of Beggars, lazard, lank and lame,
 Impell'd by hunger and allur'd by fame ;
 Be-bagg'd, be-ragg'd, be-clouted and undone ;
 Arriv'd—to give, and take a Benison ;
 On garbage, offals, cabbage, broth and crumbs,
 To feast, and on soft dunghills rest their Bums.
 At last the Priest, the Carver of the Soul,
 Arriv'd to shed a lustre o'er the whole,
 In learning useful, and in manners nice,
 Whose looks would pierce the adamant of vice,
 A bellow'd welcome roar'd from wall to wall,
 But one stern glance was answer to them all.
 Sure of the Marriage Fee, he mildly ey'd,
 The modest posture of the trembling Bride :
 Obedience mark'd her face, tho' prudely coy,
 To taste the bliss she labour'd to enjoy ;
 From pure incentives,—purer predilection,
 Full eager to enjoy his—Benediction ;

So straight the Levite and the Bride retir'd,
 With all the fervency of zeal inspir'd :
 'To prove those joys attendant in profusion,
 On penitence refin'd by absolution.
 The Bridegroom next was handled,—shap'd for Heav'n,
 And all the errors of his life forgiv'n :
 The holy Father then the Curtain drew
 To close the scene, and haste the Banquet too,
 'Th' impatient Crowd, all long'd on ev'ry side ;
 Again appear'd the Bridegroom and the Bride ;
 To whom the Levite :—tho' as yet quite sober,
 Engulph'd a Goblet of stout, brown October.

“ Accept thou gentlest of thy sex ! ”—said he,
 These lasting joys our Church reserves for thee :
 And that pure blessing to enhance still more,
 Be lib'ral to the Priesthood and the Poor :
 Small is the province of a Christian Wife,
 How limited her sphere within this life ?
 Within that compass she must move aright,
 And prudence still with industry unite :
 Her happy Partner then, will bless the day,
 He gave to her his Hand and Heart away.
 With rev'rence due receive the bridal ring,
 And know that wedlock is a sacred thing ;
 'This all the Patriarchs, Prophets, Kings confess'd :
 Ev'n CHRIST himself a nuptial banquet bless'd :
 The limpid water luscious wine became,—
 (Ah! would to Heav'n that Priests could do the same !)
 Fair as thou art, affect no lawless sway,
 For Peter says that Females should obey :
 And thus Saint Paul his sentiments display'd .
 Women for Man, and Man for GOD, was made,
 Then my good Child ! by sage advice be led,
 At home, abroad, at table and in Bed !
 For idle whims neglect no worldly care,
 Yet some fond moments for thy husband spare ;

Nor grudge to pay the matrimonial debt,
A pleasing task which few young wives forget.
 Heav'n bless your Mother with eternal rest,
 Who ne'er sat growling at a stranger-guest,
 Do thou, like her, an honest fame acquire :
 Let needy trav'lers share thy cheerful fire ;
 Regale the Clergy with a plenteous feast,
 And have a Christ'ning once a year at least."
 He said, and clos'd the rites,—Tom hugg'd his bride :
 The *Bells* teh-he'd and turn'd their heads aside !
 Whilst Ananias blest them o'er again,
 And Roger scratch'd his pate, and belch'd—Amen !

At length far happier scenes engage the eye,
 For lo ! to Dinner all with ardour hie :
 A noisome clangour ev'ry ear annoys,
 The shrill precursor of approaching joys ;
 Now closely hemm'd scarce could an earthquake rout 'em,
 While Ducks, and Geese, and Turkeys smok'd about 'em.
 Knives,—Dishes,—Platters form a counter din,
 Grateful to those without, and these within ;
 The Beef and Mutton made the tables groan,
 In numbers equall'd by Clonbrock's alone.
 Fat Geese, the boast of each surrounding Grange,
 Half pluck'd,—half dress'd,—a sav'ry disarrange,
 Fat Pork parboil'd, and Hens as fat, and pullets,
 Enough to daintify agrestic gullets !
 Enormous Butter-rolls like shapeless Brick,
 And heaps of Oaten-cakes, full Deal-board thick ;
 A Salmagundi and Potato-puff,
 Be-butter'd, scallion'd and be-spice'd enough,
 With Garbage various and unnumber'd slops,
 Their taste to please and occupy their chops,
 Smok'd on the board—with many dishes more,
 Too num'rous for my pen in counting o'er ;
 In style and excellence to vie at least,
 With great O'RORKE'S or GILLOE'S noble feast.

First in the chase, the MAN OF GOD was seen,
 'To carve and gorge, and carve and gorge again :
 With jaw-bone stout that Sampson's would excel,
 And would the host of Philistines repel :
 Their Ghostly Leader his Disciples follow,
 With equal rage to lacerate and swallow.
 Never did Ostriches on carrion prey,
 With such voracious appetites as they !
 Or ne'er was *flesh* so silently devour'd :
 The Beer in vain from foaming kegs was pour'd !—
 But soon the *Bev'rage* rous'd them ; after grace,
 Stout *Innishone* vermillion'd ev'ry face ;
 Quick, Bowls and Bottles went in circulation,
 And Liquor threaten'd a small inundation :
 The noise that's past, was nothing to what follow'd,
 Some grumbled, curst, some belch'd and others swallow'd.
 The PRIEST with PANGLOS,—*all* a loud uproar,
 And some had wit that wanted it before.
 Now NOON and CUNNINGHAM began to sound,
 Whilst notes symphonic fill'd the void around :
 True Sons of *Orpheic* origin well known,
 Unmatch'd at Chaunter,—Hurroo,—or Tenor-Drone,
 Straight to the dance the brawny Hinds repair,
 At once to win the no less brawny Fair ;
 They tugg'd, and toil'd alternate, 'till so heated,
 They stumbled, strutted, stagger'd, st*~~*~~k and sweated !!
 Ah ! what a scene the midnight hour display'd !
 A scene Chaotic, Nature disarray'd :
 With living Carcases the floor bespread !
 While SHEWANE's breech sustain'd the Barber's head.
 RED ROSE and KATE, the Barber's barbarous wife,
 Tugg'd in each others locks, with mortal strife :
 The Cookmaid snorted in an easy chair,
 Her arms extended and her bosom bare !!!

And PEG by witchcraft, or by wind oppress,
 (O may no straggler interrupt her rest!)
 She snor'd and snorted!! whilst the latent charms
 Of JOAN, were ransack'd in MULROONY's arms.

What dreaming, screaming, grunting next succeeded?
 What sculls were batter'd, wigs and shawls unheeded?
 What Babes begot?—What hasty matches clos'd?
 What wives were cropsick, and what husbands dos'd?
 Would tire the patience of a modern JOB:
 'Till morn appear'd, array'd in purple robe,
 When Lark and Screech-owl their shrill notes divide,
 'To cheer the motley Group,—and hail the BRIDE.

Verses to a Lady, who refused the Kisses of her Lover.

O! turn not those dear lips away,
 But let us kiss while yet we may,
 While yet we may, for stealing time,
 Will ne'er restore "these hours of prime!"
 The blushing Sun that sets to night,
 To-morrow rises with new light,
 But ah! when once our day is done,
 The shade of endless night comes on,
 An hundred kisses, then my Fair!
 And now another hundred spare,
 Another hundred shall remain,
 Grant then the number o'er again.
 Who kissing can despise or blame?
 A chaste delight that's still the same;
 Where Love is ever but begun,
 Never, oh! never to be done:
 Those lips more press'd more lovely glow,
 More sweetly pout—more dimply grow;
 Should I, ten thousand kisses gain,
 New stores of bliss would still remain,
 Thus tho' the chaste industrious bee,
 Of blooming shrub,—or fragrant tree,
 The sweets with greedy joy devours,
 Unhurt the leaves—the beauteous flowers!

RED ROSE:

OR, THE

HARMONIC RIVALS.



The sun was set: the busy day was o'er,
 And pedlars strain'd their piping lungs no more;
 With tents well stor'd each neighb'ring road was lin'd,
 And ev'ry Ale-house-wife exceeding kind:
 Of these Red Rose the purest liquor sold,
 Rich, ripe, and ruby, tho' not five days old;
 Her spacious tents had seats for soft repose,
 And from her pots luxuriant steam arose;
 Before her tent she sat with gracious air,
 To greet her friends returning from the Fair!
 Hard task! her tongue was not one moment mute,—
 For who could pass without a kind salute?
 Scarce could her tent the crowded guests contain,
 Scarce could her hands supply the cheerful train:
 From friend to friend, high foaming cups went round,
 In songs the music of the drones was drown'd:
 And now TOM-TIP taught ev'ry note to thrill,
 While MUNSTER-JACK exerted all his skill!
 Both pipers,—both well known all o'er the land,
 For cards, and dice, low wit, and sleight of hand:
 Both drunkards, am'rous, vers'd in ev'ry art;
 To drain a cask, or wound a female heart:
 TOM's softer strains young simple maids allure,
 And MUNSTER-JACK no rival can endure!—

Hence discord and disdain—the greatest wits,
 Are oft tormented with such jealous fits :
 What wonder then, if JACK would swell with pride !
 Hear—how he spoke, and how TOM-TIP replied :—

MUNSTER-JACK.

On thee, Clonmel ! sure ev'ry blessing falls,—
 And joy for ever dwells within thy walls ;
 Nor less delightful are thy neighb'ring bow'rs,
 Where merry sportsmen pass their careless hours,—
 Where grateful dew's descend from evening skies,
 And morning odours from the flowers arise,
 Where “ order in variety ” we see,
 And where tho' all things differ, all agree ;
 Where in full light the russet plains extend,
 Where wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend,
 Where sportive pleasure sets young hearts on fire,
 And music, Shepherds, Lords alike admire,
 There bred with gentle Folks I learn'd my trade,
 Nor were my fingers harden'd by the spade ;
 Yield now ye Bag-pipes to the noisy drum,
 And let spring-water be preferred to rum ;
 Let th' ace of hearts the club's black knave defy,
 Since poor TOM-TIP with MUNSTER-JACK can vie.

TOM-TIP.

Thy praise Loughrea, let ev'ry Stranger tell,
 Whose Maids in beauty as in wealth excel ;
 Whose air no clouds, no morning fogs obscure,
 Whose bread is wholesome, and whose drink is pure :
 Within thy walls, to PRIESTCATCHERS unknown,
 All things are safe, but maiden-heads alone.
 'Tis there my pipes for ranting Bucks I sound—
 How shillings jingle when the plate goes round !
 Sure low Mushrooms like Mountain oaks may rise
 And Daly from Burke, snatch the Galway Prize,
 Yon crescent Moon may teach the sun to see,
 Since Munster-Jack pretends to cope with me.

MUNSTER-JACK.

An iv'ry flute, with silver-tipt I boast,
 A fairy brought it from th' Arabian Coast ;
 How straight and smooth ! this, while my breath inspires,
 Old wives, grown youthful, feel their former fires.

TOM-TIP.

My drones, 'tis true, no silver rings embrace,
 Nor is my Chanter of the fairy race ;
 Yet honest Maids, whose hearts to truth incline,
 Will swear no music is more sweet than mine.

MUNSTER-JACK.

On me young Tom a dainty nag bestow'd,
 Fit for the Plough—but fitter for the road ;
 John gives me wine, nor is the wine misplac'd,
 The good old Colonel is a man of taste :
 While men like these my lofty notes admire,
 Poor Tom sits tippling by an Ale-house fire !

TOM-TIP.

On Maunsell's ground three pieball Cows I feed,
 And three young Heifers of the Kerry breed :
 Nor think my bags are dry for want of wine,
 For now O'Mara and young Blake are mine ;
 If with Red Rose I pass an idle day,—
 For Rose what piper could refuse to play ?

MUNSTER-JACK.

Ye Gods ! how Kate doth fill my heart with glee,
 So kind, so fond, and of her punch so free !
 Yet more than Kate her servant-made a prize
 For smooth as doeskin are her legs and thighs :
 And sure no doe with greater speed can run,
 A smack she ran for, and that smack she won.

TOM-TIP.

A butcher's niece was once my soul's delight,
 But *out of mind* soon follows *out of sight* :
 To good *Kate Kearney** my respects I paid,
 And now I love the Miller's blooming Maid !
 Whose limbs in beauty, with her face agree,
 No Munster lass hath lighter heels than She

MUNSTER JACK.

I grant her heels were lighter than her head,
 When Waller found her with his groom in bed :
 And when the Cook——

Alas ! no more he sung,
 Against the floor his guiltless pipes were flung.
 The Chaunter perish'd, with a mournful sound,
 And half the reed was buried in the ground !
 Ah ! whence this frantic rage ?—O *Tom*, forbear
 And let a knave, a brother knave revere.
 Up bounc'd Red Rose the rising fray to quell,
 And as she bounc'd her pipe in splinters fell !
 Tom's arm she seiz'd and whilst she held it fast,
 An earthen jug the Munster piper cast :
 But miss'd his aim ; for, rolling as it went,
 On a poor Cobbler's cheek its force was spent !
 Two pond'rous grinders from their sockets tore,
 Ah ! doom'd to stretch a Bullock's hide no more !
 The crowd stood up : Men, Women, took th' alarm,
 All wedg'd together like a clust'ring swarm ;
 The graver sort restrain, reproach, advise,
 And trembling maidens join their feeble cries :
 When lo ! the Cobbler from his seat arose,
 The blood yet gushing from his mouth and nose ;
 All pale with rage he rush'd upon the crew,
 With head, hands, feet, friends, foes, and all o'erthrew !
 Then all alike with thirst of vengeance burn'd.
 The seats were shatter'd and the pots oer'turn'd

* A Killarney Maid.

With one loud crash the bulging tent was broke,
 Tho' form'd of canvass and strong ribs of oak !
 Reeling and tumbling o'er each other's heads,
 Wide o'er the green the mad battalion spreads.
 So waters gather'd on a rising ground,
 Rush thro' the dams, and float the vales around !
 And now the Cobbler lifts a weighty stone,
 Which with full force at MUNSTER JACK was thrown ;
 But whilst to earth the cautious piper bends,
 The rough rude bullet on a cask descends ;
 The vessel burst, and with a dreadful sound,
 Like yawning ice, when heedless boys are drown'd !
 The beer, that pleasing cordial of the poor,
 In frothy torrents inundates the floor ;
 Red Rose beheld and felt more grief, no doubt,
 Than if her husband's brains were dash'd about.
 As India dames, their sons or brothers slain,
 In frantic gestures to the Gods complain !
 Lo ! to the skies her plaintive paws were spread,
 Her eyes with fury starting from her head ;
 Then seiz'd a tankard, which by chance was full,
 Resolv'd to crush the crazy Cobbler's skull !
 The tankard flies, but erring as it goes,
 Falls like a bomb on George the tailor's nose !
 Ill-fated youth !—the darling of the fair,
 For snuff, white stockings, and well-powder'd hair ;
 In vain, alas ! the useful art he found,
 To cock his hat and circumscise it round ;
 In dust he lay ; the fustian frock he wore
 Was drench'd with beer and stain'd with purple gore !
 Now MUNSTER JACK to his associates cries,
 " See ! where my drone, unhappy victim ! lies :
 So great a conquest shall a scoundrel boast ;
 And shall my chaunter unreveng'd be lost ?
 As thick as watchmen to a spreading flame,
 His comrades one and all to mischief came ;

At Tom they flew, (so dogs a bull surround,)
 And from his back their oaken bludgeons bound;
 Whilst Tom defenceless, for assistance calls,
 Full on his arm a pond'rous cleaver falls!
 Down drops his chaunter, (once so soft, so sweet,)
 And bag-pipes squeak beneath their Master's feet!
 'Twas then Kate Kearney heard the dreadful fray,
 Where stretch'd at ease, beside the road she lay,
 Not spent with too much toil, but overcome
 By treac'hrous HERMES in the form of rum!
 With hair disorder'd, in a trice she rose,
 And saw TOM-TIP encompass'd by his foes!
 Tom once so dear!—henceforth, ye Nymphs, be brave,
 And learn like *Kate* your lovers lives to save!
 With strength endued, *tho' frail about the waist*,
 A beggar's crutch she snatch'd in furious haste;
 Fierce as a bitch whose whelps are stolen away,
 This fierce Zantippe mingled in the fray:
 Her stiff strong arms the jostling crowd divide,
 And strokes on strokes she deals on ev'ry side.
 First Nick the Barber felt her vengeful ire,
 Nick the gay cricket of each Neighbour's fire:
 Whose merry tales made mournful faces bright,
 The Miller's solace and the Smith's delight;
 Next on a Pedagogue her fury fell,
 Who thought ALECTO was let loose from Hell!
 Nor trope nor figure could her rage withstand,
 And sure each neighb'ring schoolboy bless'd her hand;
 A swaddling tinker then, she doom'd to fall,
 Knock'd by the beggar's crutch beside the wall;
 And in his mouth, for godly praise renown'd,
 No text from scripture but G—d's zounds was found!
 As Dick the dancer roll'd a watchful eye,
 Trembling with fear and yet asham'd to fly,
 Prostrate he sunk beneath a thund'ring stroke,
 His arms were batter'd and his strings were broke!

Who now, alas ! shall charm the vulgar crew,
 With strains which Handel or Deburgh ne'er knew ?
 Ah ! can his labours be so soon forgot,
 Spare him, Oh ! Kate !—who taught thee first to trot :
 Nor could black Tim without a wound escape,
 A fresh young Shepherd of a comely shape ;
 Whose songs are strong altho' his arms are weak,
 And on his trembling jew-harp seems to speak.
 What grief, Red Rose, thy tender bosom tore ?
 To see thy brother welt'ring in his gore :
 Yet not in fruitless tears that grief was spent,
 To sweet revenge, her rising wrath she bent !
 With all her might she struck th' unguarded foe,
 The cudgel crack'd—Kate reel'd beneath the blow !
 Till like a tree that struggles with a blast,
 And falls uprooted by the storm at last.
 Headlong she falls, before the gazing throng,
 Stretch'd at full length beside the child of song !
 Now Rose exulting urg'd her friends to rise,
 And cheer'd the rest with animating cries ;
 Nor sturdy SANCHE in a blanket toss'd,
 Nor e'en DON QUIXOTE, when his teeth he lost,
 Felt such resentment as this warlike band,
 All sorely wounded by a female hand.
 At helpless Kate a shower of dirt was thrown,
 And all their rage was aim'd at her alone.
 Straight th' adverse party to her rescue flew,
 The tumult spreads, the battle blaz'd anew !
 Shout after shout, taught ev'ry throat to roar,
 And those engag'd that shunn'd the fray before ;
 Thicker than folks that for precedence strive,
 Thicker than bees when crowding to the hive,
 They mix in fight, a wild tempestuous throng,
 Stick clash'd with stick, and clown drove clown along ;
 Kate roar'd for help, (not sailors half so loud
 When the red light'ning flash'd from shroud to shroud ;)

Nor tears, nor cries her brutal foes could charm,
 One seiz'd her leg, one fasten'd on her arm !
 'To Heav'n at length with upward eyes she pray'd,
 And Heav'n sure loves a charitable maid :
 For lo ! descending from his steed appear'd,
 The rude, rough priest whom all his people fear'd ;
 His lash he whirl'd amidst the warring Crew,
 The clamour ceas'd—the Combatants withdrew :
 With wrathful eye he view'd the dismal scene :
 Hats, hoods, cloaks, cravats, scatter'd o'er the green !
 Then first with zeal the list'ning croud he charg'd,
 And chose a text, and on that text enlarg'd,
 Potteen makes Men the foulest crimes commit,
 Ah ! think what Lot did in a drunken fit.
 Rose broach'd a cask—the Man of God drew nigh,
 For after preaching ev'ry throat is dry :
 Around their Guardian flock'd the wounded Swains,
 Whiskey and Music banish'd all their pains ;
 The blazing tubes diffus'd a grateful smoke,
 The milkmaid laugh'd, the ploughman crack'd his joke ;—
 TOM-TIP and JACK eternal friendship swore,
 Red Rose embrac'd her gossips o'er and o'er,
 The skilful Dick once more his art display'd,
 While Tim with Kate a tuneful concert made !
 Each am'rous heart was tickled with the sound,
 And kisses straight instead of kicks went round !
 At length the cask was drain'd of all its store,
 Now Rose was curs'd when she could give no more :
 Each guest departed with an aching head
 And rising PHŒBUS lighted all to Bed.

THE LOUGHREA SHYLOCK !

AND HIS DUTIFUL HEIR.

Old Gripus the HAWKER is gone to the D—l !!!

To leave his dear Money sore griev'd the old Man,
 So dutiful RAKELY his Heir and so civil !

Is sending it after him fast as he can.

A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

Inscribed to James Lysaght, Esq.



Where genial airs their breezy wings display'd,
 And fann'd the rising harvest of the glade,
 Love wand'ring,—Friendship in a valley found,
 Asleep and nodding o'er the fragrant ground,
 Pleas'd at the advantage, Love his quiver took,
 And drew the fatal arrow—Friendship woke,
LOVE.—What art thou?—speak.——

FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship I am—thy name?

LOVE.—Men call me **LOVE** and I am great in fame.

F.—Great thou'rt indeed ; but oh ! to me how small !
 Can what their ruin is, men greatness call !

LOVE.—Who ruin'd most—let History relate,
 There may the Vot'ries read their early fate ;
 Thus the Triumvirate men Friendship name,
 More than a nation's funeral became ;
 Had Egypt's king prov'd to his friendship true,
POMPEY had liv'd, nor ow'd his fate to you. (name,
F.—Call'd'st thou that Friendship ? thou as well may'st
 Love, lust ; right, wrong ; and innocency, shame ;
 Begone—thy pow'r is vain, thy name's a cheat ;
 Thou'rt born by sloth and nourish'd by deceit !

'Twas thou mad'st PARIS, MENELAUS betray,
 And CLYTEMNESTRA, AGAMEMNON slay;
 By thee LUCRETIA's violated charms,
 Were made subservient to a Tarquin's arms.
 'Twas thou warm'st MYRRHA with incestuous fire
 And mad'st her in a weeping tree expire.
 Thee CENONE curs'd, when PARIS rov'd
 And false to her, for fairer HELEN prov'd,
 Thee the world hates, and thy pernicious arts,
 Thou vile corrupter of ingenuous hearts!
 LOVE.—Me, JOVE obeys; HERMES resigns his rod;
 I frame the Hero and inform the God,
 Me PAN ador'd, when thro' the shady grove
 He importun'd the *flying Nymph* with Love;
 Swift o'er LYCEA's mount the virgin flew,
 Till LADON's stream her *parent flood* she knew,
 She pray'd nor pray'd in vain, the Gods decreed,
 And the maid ended in a trembling reed.
 Me, wishing Girls that they may happy prove,
 Intreat; they pray, and all their pray'r is Love.
 Me, curious Lovers that with silence tread,
 Invoke e'er they attempt the genial bed.
 Me, Earth, Sea, Air, me Heav'n and Hell obey;
 Thro' all eternity I stretch my sway!
 F.—Thro' all eternity my pow'r extends,
 And Heav'n is happier by its Godlike friends,
 Th' Elysian fields th' illustrious *shades* admire,
 VIRGIL retunes his long-neglected Lyre;
 Again ÆNEAS in the Circus stands,
 And for the sports selects the choicest bands,
 The games begin; swift as the Eastern wind,
 NISUS shoots out; and leaves the rest behind.
 He falls, and on the plain extended lies
 And pulls thee SALIUS, as he strives to rise,
 Made gloriously defeat, loud shouts attend,
 EURYALUS who conquers by his friend.

Here PYLADES with his ORESTES roves,
 No more HERMIONE disturbs their Loves,
 No more THESAUDO Tartarus descends;
 But in Elysium clasps his God-like friends,
 Lock'd in MEZENTIUS' arms young LAUSUS stands
 And laughs at VOLCENS and his airy Bands :
 BOTH.—Then let us end our strifes, and both agree,
 FRIENDSHIP and LOVE should ne'er divided be.

TRANSLATION

Of a song, written by the PRINCESS of Kerry, on the untimely Death of her
 Lover, O'BRIEN, of Thomond, who was treacheriously Murdered by an
 English Lord.

1. Ye Maidens of Erin ! shed tears at the story,
 See ! BRIEN's brave brother ingloriously slain !
 In the dawn of his youth, in the pride of his glory,
 The hand of his guest is still red with the stain.
2. Oh ! sons of the brave ! are your swords idly sheathed
 Do you know how your Fathers would punish a knave ?
 Would they mutely remain till their rights were invaded,
 Or silently rest at the threats of a slave.
3. By the blood of your Sires and their dust I implore ye,
 To look to your wrongs nor submissively lie,
 See ! tyrants uniting to tarnish your glory,
 Shall tyrants subdue you—shall silence reply !
4. With the blood of your Friends shall your vallies be
 gory,
 Shall your maids to their Lover's Assassins be wed,
 Unite, and no danger shall rise up before ye,
 Till strangers are humbled and tyrants are dead,
5. The Brave shall rejoice, and the Harp be resounded,
 The bands of communion sincerely re-tied
 And I will forgive, tho' with sorrow surrounded,
 But never forget how my LOVER had died !

THE MODERN SOLON.

MOST HUMBL Y INSCRIBED TO JUDGE TORRENS, &c. &c.

O thou! in whom each brighter Virtue joins,
 Alike in letters and expression great;
 Whose gen'rous soul no partial view inclines,
 To warp thy justice, from her steady seat!
 Mark! with what judgment thro' th' intricate maze
 Of doubtful Law, his watchful eye explores;
 Justice in fairest robes of white displays
 And falsehood with resistless truth o'erpow'rs:
 Whilst at the bench admiring crowds attend,
 And hang with rapture on thy manly sense,
 Conviction learns the stubborn heart to bend,
 And sweet persuasion charms with eloquence!
 Nor yet does rigid justice nerve thy arm,
 To prove relentless terror o'er the mind;
 When trembling pris'ners hear the dread alarm,
 And death with gloomy horror stands behind!
 Ah no!—Compassion swells that speaking eye,
 Expressive looks convey the sad report;
 Th' expanded soul dissolves into a sigh.
 Whilst pity melts the sympathizing Court!—
 Equal in senate are thy pow'rs confest,
 When some great object glides upon thy tongue;
 Whilst Erin's glory, kindling in thy breast,
 Glows with fresh ardour thro' th' illustrious throng!
 Blest in thy Country's love, where all conspire,
 'To give that incense, gratitude demands;
 Envy herself stands silent to admire,
 Abash'd—while so much dignity commands!
 E'en here the muse can feel a gen'rous flame,
 Charm'd with those virtues that adorn thy BROW:
 Virtues that soar upon the wings of fame,
 And shed a lustre good men only know!

THE BUTTERFLY,

A SIMILE ADDRESSED TO THE LADIRS.

1. To vilest reptiles, air or earth
 To mortal view e'er gave,
 The gayest insects owe their birth,
 Their being, all they have.
 Thus, in one lineage we trace,
 Congenially descry,
 The loathsome maggots groveling race,
 And gaudiest butterfly.
2. Low in the dust the reptile crawls,
 'Till Phœbus's bright ray
 Breaks from his filthy, filmy walls
 That insect coxcomb gay :—
 On golden pinions then he soars
 He cleaves the yielding sky
 Or sips the amaranthine flow'rs,
 Tho' but a butterfly.
3. In all impertinently vain,
 The foppish flutt'rer tires,
 And in one summer's transient reign,
 Droops—sickens—and expires.
 Thus many fops of human make,
 Spring up, act, live, and—die,
 In form alone, of man partake,
 In mind a butterfly.
4. List, then, ye FAIR, 'tis Reason's voice!
 In him you wish to bless,
 Let solid sense direct your choice,
 Nor stoop to nothingness.
 The coxcomb, fop, and Beau detest,
 Whose female manners cloy,
 And blessing *worth, be ever blest,*
 Not with a butterfly.

A COPY OF LINES TO MISTER DAY,
WHO FROM HIS LANDLORD RAN AWAY.

Here Day and night conspir'd a sudden flight,
And Day they say has stole away by night.
Day's past and gone—why Landlord, where's your rent,
Did you not see that Day was almost spent?
Day pawn'd and sold, and part of what he might
Tho' it be e'er so dark Day will be light,
You had one Day a tenant and would feign,
Your eyes to see that Day but once again:
No, Landlord, no! now you may truly say,
(To your cost too), that you have lost the Day.
Day is departed in a mist I fear
And Day has broke and yet does not appear.
From time to time, he promis'd still to pay,
You should have rose before the break of Day;
But if you had, you'd have got nothing by't,
For Day was cunning and broke over night;
Day, like a candle is gone out, but where,
None knows unless to 'nother Hemisphere,
Then to the tavern let us haste away,
Come cheer up, hang't, 'tis but a broken Day:
And he that trusted Day for any sum,
Will have his money if that Day will come.
But, how now, Landlord!—what's the matter, pray?
What! you can't sleep, you long so much for Day;
Have you a mind, sir!—to arrest a Day,
There's no such Bailiff now as JOSHUE.
Cheer up then, Man! what tho' you've lost a sum
Do you not know that pay day yet will come?
I will engage, do you but leave your sorrow,
My life for your's, Day comes again to-morrow;
And for your rent never torment your soul,
You'll quickly see, Day peeping thro' a hole.

THE FRIAR.

A certain Friar while he preach'd
 Of patient JOB did speak ;
 When he came home, he found, sad chance !
 His cask had sprang a leak.
 Enrag'd—his clerk did him advise,
 JOB for a pattern chuse ;
 But he replied, " JOB ne'er had such
A tub of Ale to lose !

A JEUX D'ESPRIT ON MISS BUTLER,

A LITTLE, SHORT LADY: WRITTEN IN 1807.

Satis parva res est.

1. When any thing abounds, we find
 That no body will have it,
 But when there's little of the kind
 Don't all the people crave it.
2. If wives are evils, *as 'tis known,*
And wofully confess'd !
 The man, whose wife will surely own
 A little one is best.
3. The God of Love's a little wight,
 And beautiful as thought :
 Thou too art little, fair as light,
 And ev'ry thing—in short !!!
4. Angelic BESS ! I think thee so,
 For mark the Poet's song—
 " Man wants but little here below,
 " Nor wants that little long !"

Sligo, 1807.

ELEGY.

The most sorrowful Elegy of all Elegies!! on the deplored death of MR. THOMAS KEAN, Poet and Fiddler, many a year of the Connamara Circuit, reviewer-general of his own works, whithersoever his itinerant fancy led him thro' the several stages of Life, in the Counties of Galway, Clare, and Mayo, where he shone the ornament of whiskey-shops, jig-houses, wakes, hurlings, patrons, and such like respectable Conventions, until the 17th of March last, when he resigned his tuneful breath, to the utter loss and sorrow of all Lovers of Fiddling, rhyming, and hot-pot drinking.

" Quis desiderio sit pudor,
Tam cari capitis." Hor.

Burst are life's strings, and lost Cremona's pride.
Soundless that kit to every Muse allied!—
Sunk is the bard, Philosopher and Friend,
Whose elbow-genius, thousand tongues commend :
Whose tuneful numbers like some opiate pow'r,
Produc'd the balm of many a drowsy hour!
Fall'n is my KEAN for whom the nine shall mourn,
While briars and hemlock twine around his urn :
For him no more the village wish shall rise!
For him no more shall sparkle *Susan's* eyes!
For him no more shall foam the morning jill,
Or early bag-pipes sound their fav'rite thrill!
No more his stanzas bless *Conundrum Hall*,
No more shall WESTPORT hear his drowsy call;
No more his kit and Cantos shall keep time,
Or rival Lowstall's dear congenial rhyme.
View his sad bier!—ah! list to ev'ry tongue
So often burthen'd with his native song!
In him they mourn the midnight jig and reel,
In him the tap-rooms' common loss they feel!
In him the blithest Fiddler they deplore,
Who rhymed, who tippled and who'll sing no more!!!

Quick to his grave, you Lumpkins, from each shop,
 And round display the Connamara hop ;
 Such as Gentoos in wild disorder form,
 The troubled spirit of some ghost to charm :
 Sing how he chas'd your anxious cares away,
 Speak his soft numbers and his jokes display :
 Say that in " in frost, in sunshine or in rain !
 Here lies your humble servant, THOMAS KEAN !"
 Who often forc'd your shaking sides to hit,
 With fits electric of his cyclic wit !!!
 Who now like him, shall cheer each neighb'ring Fair,
 Or live in fame from Castlebar to Clare ?
 Or who can fiddle down a midnight's bill ?
 Or boast like him Kilkelly twice to kill :
 Or put that tuneful BARD beneath the table,
 And well he might for CAIN alone slew ABEL !
 If CAIN slew ABEL why not able still,
 The Lyric Bard KILKELLY twice to kill !—
 Who now at Christ'nings, weddings can be found,
 The POPE and HANDEL of the parish round ?
 What Bard so blest with conscious joy to tell,
 His odes, acrostics, or the Lover's spell :
 That magic spell that fir'd the cookmaid's heart !
 And seem'd to rival BRESLAW and his art !
 Lost are those charms that sung to soft repose,
 And sooth'd the Hinds' unutterable woes !
 Silent his muse, his fiddle now unstrung,
 And tasteless all the Hybla of his tongue !
 Yet while one wedding can recall his fame,
 Or hurlings, wakes, or cakes endear a name :
 Around his tomb-stone cabbage stalks bespread,
 And sprigs of nettles crown his icy bed :
 Pipers shall flock their yearly rites to pay,
 Big with the sorrows of Saint Patrick's day ;
 While the sad OWL that long inspir'd his lays,
 In kindred strains, complains, Tom Kean's, short days !!

THE TRIUMVIRATE,

DEDICATED.

TO SAMUEL DIXON, ESQ. LIMERICK.

All-hail, ye Advocates of Innisfail!
 O'CONOR DON ! SIR JOHN ! and MACNAMARA hail !
 Rejoice Roscommon, Clare, and Galway too,
Tres Cicerones are returned by you !!!
 Who earn'd the People's and the Poet's voice,
 On YOU (selected Men !) descends th' Almighty's choice :
 'Tis Heav'n's command, you should for Erin feel,
 Freedom restore—restore the people's weal.
 O ! dare to persevere, assert your right,
 Be justly led by your own native light !—
 Dauntless opposers ! of tyrannic sway,
 By hard, hard struggle you must gain the day,
 Stern Wellington and Peel must now obey. }

Come now, O MUSE ! to hail O'CONOR DON !
 The Patriot, *Chesterfield* and PRINCE in ONE :
 Kind Heav'n has planted in his noble frame,
 What worth can minister, what want can claim :
 Honor and truth have dignified his mind,
In him the Nine a ready refuge find——
In him th' unclouded rays of science shine.——
In him the Philosophic beam divine.——

Not so, TOM-TIP, who o'er his foible reigns,
 Filches from others, what supplies his brains ;
 For *public good* he blusters all abroad,
 Serves well th' intentions of a private fraud ;
 With sentiments absurd, and silly views,
 Which he with pride precipitate pursues :—
 Pray, what is Tippler* but an empty shade ?
 By the reflections of his actions made :

* The Grandson of the present Tippler, kept a Shebeen house, and died from drinking large libations of Mountain-dew, in the West of Munster.

The Muse would paint *Drain-Naggin* to a tittle,
 But telling more, would be to tell too little ?

Wonders he'd do—to be for ever known,
 He'd wish to make the age to come his own.
 Men, the most infamous, are fond of fame,
 And those who fear not guilt yet start at shame.
 Such vain pretenders, wing'd with daring flight,
 The Muse must drag them trembling to the light,
 And drive them shudd'ring from the face of earth,
 And make them curse the hour that gave them birth:—
 Such nauseous Harlequins in farce may pass,
 But Tommy proves a more substantial Ass.
 Dissembling Man ! hence to the Stoic school,
 And there amongst thy brethren play the fool.
 False are your words, and fickle is your mind,
 For in your faithless breast we ne'er can find,
 Vows made to last, or promises to bind. }
 The Hypocrite defeats his own design,
 Splits on the rock he labours to divine .
 From all assurances he swerves and strays,
 Ignoble minds work by ignoble ways ;
 Such cold Hypocrisy's a state device,
 A worn-out trick long exercis'd by ****.

The knight of Marblehill* to honor train'd,
 Long Erin's cause he gloriously maintain'd ;
 His words to sacred truth shall be confin'd,
 His deeds shall show the greatness of his mind :
 His noble actions would adorn a throne,
 For virtue, fame and honor, are his own.—
 Not so the man, who virtue long disgrac'd,
 He's got a head where learning runs to waste ;
 Nor does one spark of grace possess his soul,
For long has vice inhabited the whole !
 And his smooth speech is most deceitful found,
 The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound :
 Is gravely dull,—insipidly serene—
 He carries all his wisdom in his mien :
 Like lead, his meanings hasten to the mud,
 When fools prove Ciceros—he must be good !!!

* Sir John Burke, Bart. County Galway.

Hail, noble Macnamara! whose grand sires
 Confess'd the truest, purest, martial fires ;
 'Tis thine on ev'ry heart t' imprint thy praise,
 Whose *worth* alone a monument can raise.
 To friendship dear, to goodness long inclin'd,
 By virtue lov'd, and honor'd by mankind ;
 Whose soul is equity,—whose heart sincere,
 Whose words give rapture to his *native Clare*,
 And is distinguish'd high, in nature's hemisphere. }

Not so the Fop, to verse and wisdom blind,
 Who is a man, without a manly mind ;
 A prodigy that ripen'd all at once,
 A perfect *knave*, but yet a perfect *dunce* ;
 He'd feign a red-hot zeal for Erin's cause,
 And *mouth aloud* for liberties and laws :
 Such *dunderheaded dunces* are the bane,
 Of ev'ry age, and in all ages reign.
 Fools only make attempts beyond there reach,
 They fear too little, and they dare too much ;
 With ichnographic art, he's hourly plotting
 To be sublimely great, or to be—nothing.—

O ! need the Muse invite the County Clare,
 To make munificence their constant care ;
 By nature taught to pity they incline,
 With heart and hand support each good design.
 Here, holy piety and wisdom dwell,
 And gen'rous fervours in each bosom swell :
 Here, the great source of science* flows once more,
 Whose proud, rich streams supplied the world before.
 Here, noble deeds with humble steps aspire,
 Here, charity stills fans her sacred fire !
 Here, human hearts with sacred joy engage,
 T' infuse with tenderness the rising age,
 T' inspire compassion in the feeling breast,
 And cheerful learn to succour the distress.—
 This far-fam'd Shire is long by Heav'n design'd
 The sure Asylum of the suff'ring kind.—

* Witness the Classical Schools in the County Clare, held by Messrs.
 MOLONY and FITZGERALD.

P. S.—Next, DÁN O'CONNELL is my chiefest Theme;
 I love the Man but can't augment his fame;
 So does he move the soul, so touch the heart,
 With purest diction, not debauch'd by art!
 He'd boldly urge the argument he should,
 Th' impulse of nature and the force of blood;
 Who e'er he chooses for his purpose fit,
 Woe to that man the subject of his wit!
 His pointed words, impetuous yet severe,
 Produce at once a wild, terrific fear!
 Proceed, great Patriot, in thy bold career,
 And shine exalted as the starry sphere:
 Where Cato's soul, and Tully's tongue unite,
 And Brutus' firmness in his Country's right.
 Not Golden Goblets crown'd with sparkling wine,
 E'er gave such elevating joys as thine!
 Thy manly deeds and loud applauded name
 Must live for ever, deified by fame:
 Yes! HE, must live till time shall 'whelm in dust,
 The pompous Mausoleum, the mimic bust:
 Nor 'till whole Kingdoms 'neath th' expanded sky
 Blaze in one flame, shall DÁN. O'CONNELL die!!!



A TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE—COMPARED.

There, beauteous nature ever keeps her seat,
 Here, blackest vice with policy replete.
 There, do we walk in Heavn's delightful light,
 But here, we grope in labyrinth of night;
 There, sweet amusement tries her harmless pow'r's,
 Here, dissipation wastes the precious hours;
 There, pleasure, looks a pleasing modest wife,
 But here, a harlot—cause of endless strife:
 Here, simple viands hunger makes appear
 Sweeter, than all that luxury makes *there*!

AN ADDRESS TO THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.



At length, my Friends, arriv'd is Freedom's Sun,
 And hence our days in cloudless bliss shall run ;
 No stern oppression, with her bigot rage,
 Shall mark with fury the historic page.
 Twice sixty winters roll'd the gath'ring storm,
 Since gen'rous love was taught our breast to warm ;
 But fell Suspicion and her haggard train,
 Had fix'd their dreary inauspicious reign.
 Around our domes did Persecution's band,
 Like blood-stain'd Demons take their watchful stand :
 Till GEORGE the FOURTH, in pity to our cause,
 Revok'd unsocial, sanguinary laws ;
 Such laws as Draco's fury penn'd in blood,
 Such laws as chok'd the tide of public good,
 Such laws as policy forbade to tell,
 By which divided millions sadly fell,
 Such gloomy laws now sink to endless night,
 Sects shall embrace and in firm bonds unite !
 The public weal on growing commerce rise,
 And waft our fortunes from remotest skies.
 Love, faith and energy, shall mark the Isle,
 And genial peace—and flowing plenty smile !—
 Hail gen'rous Prince !—of such the limpid spring,
 Thy mercy's tide shall future Poets sing.
 How blest the People in thy parent care !
 How blest the Monarch who such love can share !
 While other States, to dread distraction torn,
 Convuls'd by WAR—to new disasters borne ;
 Feel discord, fury spread, each cruel rage,
 'Tis thine, august affection to engage.
 The balm of concord round thy Realms to shed,
 And see oblivion crush the Hydra's head !

THE SOONER, THE BETTER.

Says Mamma to Miss, just come from Loughrea,
We'll have done with our work, and the things put away,
On the subject of marriage I've something to say ;

" Yes, Manma, the sooner, the better.—"

" So long with the Misses, at Boarding-school bred,
" The thought of a husband oft ran in my head ;
" I think myself big enough now to be wed,

" And truly, the sooner, the better."

And could you to time and occasion give way,
Know when to command and know when to obey,
And over your servants maintain a due sway ?

" Yes, and truly, the stricter, the better."

But remember, when married you're fitted for life,
To bear with neglect, disappointment and strife,
Would you run all these risques to be chang'd to a wife !

" Yes, and truly, the sooner, the better"

" But I may get a husband good humour'd and free ;
" And if he were fond and indulgent to me,
" Why I'd be as fond and as loving as he,

" And truly, the fonder the better."

But should he be peevish, ill humour'd and thwart,
How hard to endure it, till death do us part,
" I'd break my own fetters or else break his heart !

" And truly, the sooner, the better !"

THE SUMMER'S DAY.

Up the hills scuds the mist,—from the vale see it rise,
How SOL silver streaming greets the earth from the skies,
The dew-drops hangs trembling, and ting'd with its ray,
Out glitters the Diamond—while the lark sings its lay
Warbling, Welcomes the Moon.

From the blown hawthorn hedge from the prim-rose field
And trice twisting woodbine ; feel what odours they yield,
Hark ! the ploughman now whistles, as cheerful he goes,
And viewing past labours, see ! how his cheek glows,
At the green bladed corn.

'Till the sun south-advancing extends the gay scene,
 And hills over hills, appear grandly serene,
 The droves in the brook court the current's cool breeze,
 While the oak-shaded herdsman lies stretch'd at his ease,

Blest with health, labour sends.

'Till abated the heat, thro' the meads back they stray,
 And lowing, milk laden, bend homeward their way ;
 List ! the blackbird's shrill notes give the stillness a zest,
 While the sun, fast retiring, sinks gold spangled to rest,

Thus, the Summer's day ends.

Just so life, like the light, thro' a mist breaks its way,
 Our childhood's the dawn, and our youth will not stay,
 We shine but a moment, then downward we run,
 And the best end we make, is to set like the Sun,

On a fine summer's day.

ADVICE TO BRITAIN.

(Humbly Dedicated to the Rev. Thomas Kelly.)

Too long has vice triumphant led the way,
 And banish'd virtue from the realms of day.
 Let virtue, safest guide and truest friend,
 From her pure joy and happiness descend ;
 She, when we quit this tenement of clay
 Will waft our spirits to the realms of day.
 Justly, we may lament EUROPA's state,
 (A dreadful prelude to a future fate !)
 But conscience must with sorrow ever own
 That Heav'n is just—and sin provok'd the doom !
 Rise, Britons !—rise—your utmost pow'rs unite
 To banish vice, as day, the shades of night.
 Seek the straight path—and with an humble fear
 Teach your *abandon'd Sons* their God to fear :
 Fair Virtue then will deign a heav'nly smile
 And spread her potent wings o'er Britain's isle :
 The Fleets and Armies guided by her hand,
 Will learn to conquer and their foes command !
 Arm'd with her helmet and her potent shield,
 She'll make all foreign pow'rs to God-like WILLIAM yield.

ZOOPLY AND ZEDDY.

AN ALLEGORY.

For shame, dear ZOOPLY, raise thy drooping head,
 Say! why does grief thy pensive mien o'erspread?
 Let's think how we shall pass our time away,
 Or how consume the slowly-wasting day.
 There was a time when on your tuneful reed
 Sweet pow'rful strains on fair LOUGH-LENE you play'd;
 Ev'n Mangerton proclaim'd th' enchanting sound,
 And all IRANE did your praise resound!—
 Where then are these engaging raptures fled?
 Lost are your charms and all their influence dead!

ZOOPLY.

Ah! dearest Friend, I've pip'd with pain too long,
 And what I earn'd by my symphonic song,
 A senseless Family mis-spent my store,
 And, like the grasshopper, I sing tho' poor!
 But why should I disturb my mind's repose,
 And jingling strains of fetter'd sense compose?
 Why prostitute my honest muse for praise;
 And youth's vain fancies and their passions please?
 What profit thence to ZOOPLY can arise?
 Mine is the toil, but others reap the prize.
 But praise, dear ZEDDY, is a pleasing pain
 A weightier glory far exceeds the gain;
 O! what a pleasure, 'tis by rules of art,
 To please, engage, and captivate the heart,
 To form the tender minds of pliant youth,
 And teach the paths of virtue and of truth.

ZEDDY.

True, ZOOPLY! praise promotes the poet's art,
 Springs ev'ry nerve, and animates the heart;
 Yet praise, like smoke, evap'rates in the sky,
 Words are but *air*—their accents break and die.

ZOOPLY.

Unhappy Poesy, of birth divine!
 Are these the product of thy sacred shrine?

Are now thy laurels without profit worn,
 And all thy sons become the sons of scorn?
 Then, mark the wings of thy aspiring fame,
 And fly to Heav'n, *indignant*, whence you came!

ZEDDY.

Alas! Parnassus is unfruitful ground,
 Our greatest hopes with no rewards are crown'd.
 Farewell, ye Muses! henceforth I intend
 To leave your Bow'rs, and seek some better Friend;
 If any love ME,—and intend to give,
 I wish to taste their Bounty while I live;
 For what care I when Fate my thread has spun
 Tho' brakes and thorns my Sepulchre o'er-run,
 Or that Posterity should read my Fame,
 While here *I starve* to gain an empty Name!

ZOOLY.

Well hast thou sung, my greatest thanks are due,
 Just are thy words, and thy complaint is true;
 In vain to future ages you transmit
 Killarney deck'd with monuments of wit,
 Poetic Phrensy boils within thy breast,
 Eager for action—enemy to rest:
 This urges you to write, and fires your mind,
 To leave a memorable name behind!
 And make it bloom to late posterity
 When *we* ourselves, alas! no more are *we*.
 But see! SOL hastens down the western skies,
 Nocturnal dews and chilly damps arise,
 'Tis time *WE* should be pent within the fold,
 From this deluded world, and from an arrant Scold!

EPITAPH.

(On TOM KEAN, which should have been inserted after page 114.)

TOM KEAN, the rover here lies still,
 Without his fiddle or his quill:
 His fiddle screaming still for pence,
 His quill still scribbling without sense.
 The THREE here part, TOM, Quill and Fiddle,
 But where they'll meet—that's all a riddle!!!

THE CONFESSION.

Alas! how can my sad, rebellious heart,
 The feelings of my wounded soul impart?
 To whom shall I, but to my God complain,
 The crowded evils of my life to explain?
 For, in the sight of mortals could they see
 My *inward state*, the world would fly from me:
 My friends would die, my foes however bold,
 Th' aggrieving sight could not unmoved behold.
 A shipwreck'd pirate; floating barge of sin,
 Without bewilder'd, and ransack'd within;
 Deprav'd, despoil'd, deluded and betray'd;
 With sorrows wrinkled and remorse decay'd:
 Confess'd, arraign'd and self-convicted I,
 For mercy, to my great Redeemer cry;
 For respite from th' eternal Father, who
 Will listen to my voice, O! Lord! but you,
 And to my troubled breast compunction give,
 Tears to mine eyes, to weep while I shall live.
 How long that while, how little while it be,
 O! grant it may not be too short for me.—
 Bless'd and ador'd for ever be the Host,
 Jehovah! Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE AUTHOR'S GRANDSON.

(Addressed to his Parents.)

Hail, happy Father! of a blooming Boy!
 Hail, gentle Mother!—of a new-born Joy!
 Long may your presence in this world's great stage,
 Strengthen the morals of his ripening age:
 Long may his breast be ready to obey
 The tender dictates of parental sway,
 Not like your froward *Patru*, of the present day!!!
 And when the Gods who're partial to that breast,
 Where goodness centres in each heav'nly Guest,
 Shall please to call *you* to abodes above,
 Rewarding honor—and religious love;
 May *your* perfections in your Son arise,
 Demanding wonder from admiring eyes!

GENERALS FAST, FROST AND GALE.

(Written many years back.)

General Brunswick made a sad campaign,
 General Cobourg took the field in vain,
 General Wurmser bid the Troops advance :
 General York declar'd he'd conquer France ;
 All these vain efforts of these Generals past,
 We rest our hope forlorn on General Fast ;——
 When General Fast could not his foes subdue
 He left the field to General PICHEGRU.

General PICHEGRU as 'tis said,
 With General PANIC struck the Nation ;
 Of General DELUGE got afraid ;
 And shrunk from General INUNDATION :
 Stout General DAM the Dutchman's boast,
 Was thunder-struck by General WEATHER,
 And more was done by General FROST,
 Than all the Generals put together.
 While Admiral BRIDPORT lay at rest,
 And COLPOYSEV'RY where was peeping,
 Admiral DE GALLES stole from *Brest*,
 And thought to catch the Irish sleeping.
 But a *rare* Admiral, General Gale,
 Oh ! may the Gods give him a blessing !
 Appear'd in time, with crowded sail
 And gave to Frog-eaters a dressing.
 Then here's a health to General GALE
 And to MOMONIA's Friends another ;
 Oh ! may their *Union* never fail
 Invading Foes to blast and smother !

THE POET'S PETITION.

Great GOD ! this one petition grant,
 For you know best what Poets want ;
 Ask'd or unask'd, what's good supply,
 What's evil, to our pray'r deny !!

COMMON FAME, PUT TO SHAME:

OR TRUTH'S REPLY TO TITTLE TATTLE.

Forbear, thou common liar! common fame,
 With envious breath, to blast T***A's name;
 To mar her merits, you now undertake,
 And give her up to *scandal* and to * * *
 For know, vile babblers! spite of all thy pains,
 Unsullied still the lovely fair remains.

AN ADVICE IN ADVERSITY.

The bearing bravely the worst state,
 Shews we deserve a better fate;
 But if the wind veers fair about,
 Why then suspect the flatt'ring gale,
 When it seems merriest, reef your sail
 And for the rocks look sharply out!!

THE HAPLESS LOVERS.

Night fled, and bright Sol cheer'd the hills with his ray,
 Crystal dew-drops bespangled the scene;
 Releas'd from the flood the flocks hail'd the new day,
 And wantonly frisk'd on the green.
 When Lissy, sad Lissy! approach'd the gay plain,
 Pale grief had eclips'd her bright eyes,
 Her soft snowy bosom was writhing in pain
 And the breeze was encreas'd by her sighs!—
 The wood-lark in vain, hail'd her Queen of the grove,
 Unheeded the lambkins play'd round;
 Beneath a green oak that was sacred to love,
 She seated herself on the ground.
 "Here my love first reveal'd his pure flame
 Here my innocent heart I resign'd:
 On this tree's sacred bark he engrav'd my lov'd name
 Whilst a garland for him I entwin'd.

When honor, stern honor ! call'd Reuben afar,
 To join his brave comrades he flew :
 Said he, when we parted, " I go to the war
 To return more deserving of you." (head,
 But three years, three long years, have roll'd o'er my
 Whilst I daily have watch'd his return ;
 With him ev'ry pleasure and joy of life's fled
 And left *me*, wretched *me*, here to mourn."

Thus pensive wail'd she, when from the brown shade,
 She ascended the sloping hills side ;
 From the summit old Ocean's expanse was display'd,
 Where a Sun-whiten'd sail, she espied.
 Her high-beating heart boded Reuben at hand,
 She descended the mountain apace ;
 But Boreas blew chill, ere she reach'd the shoresand,
 And the Halcyon sea wrinkl'd its face.

The Sun disappear'd, sable clouds gather'd round
 The surges began to roll high : (found,
 The cormorant scream'd and skimm'd o'er the pro-
 Red lightning convuls'd the blue sky,
 Thundershook the pale Maid !—the ship drew nigh land,
 Brave Reuben appear'd on the deck ;
 When th' ill-fated vessel was dash'd on the strand,
 And sunk a calamitous wreck !

The ill-starr'd young Hero roll'd on the salt flood,
 Each wave brought him nearer his Bride :
 The surf hove him up on the rock where she stood,
When she sunk on his bosom and died !

The Heav'ns shed tears, howling winds sung a dirge,
 Angels wafted their spirits to bliss ;
 Their bodies borne off by the angry surge
 Were intomb'd in the dreadful abyss !!

IMPROMPTU

To MR. O'KELLY, at his Printing-Office.

With native humour, genuine wit abounding,
O'Kelly's lays harmoniously resounding,
He sings KILLARNEY's beauties—ANTRIM's wonders,
'Tho' Connaught *cradled* him, he never blunders,
And tho' he halts himself, his *feet* ne'er falter,
May all his foes get what they ought—a halter!

1830.

S. C.

ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

O blessed season! lov'd by saints and sinners,
For long devotion—or for longer dinners:
More grateful still to those who deal in books,
Now, not with readers, but with pastry-cooks,
Learn'd works despis'd by those to merit blind,
By these well weigh'd their certain value find;
Blest lot of paper! falsely call'd, *now waste*,
To bear those cakes which Posts seldom taste!

QUI VULT CAPERE, CAPIAT.

Tippler has got a graceless Brother-in-law,
Whose character is tinged with many a flaw,
And even his word scarce worth a single straw! }
He might well pay the Poet, by retrenching
His superfluities in wine and wenching!
His Ancestors were men of sterling merit,
Renown'd for learning, judgment, wit, and spirit:
Such men as *these* left something on record,
But he'll leave nothing better than—*my Lord!!!*

JOURNEY TO KILMURRY.

IN FOUR CANTOS.

O'Kelly's Journey to Kilmurry,
No doubt the Bard was in a hurry;
To see his Friends and fav'rites there,
And take a mouthful of the air.

Sir Hudibras his passing Werth,
The Manner how he sally'd forth;
His Arms and Equipage are shown:
His Horse's Virtues, and his own.

HUDIBRAS.

CANTO I.

His Journey through the City, with the remarks of the Populace on him—His Eulogium on that nursery of Heroes, Garryowen.

CANTO II.

His falling in with a Gentleman of the Literati from Cork, a variety of Incidents by the way, history of a Cork Poet, fate of his Works, &c. &c. &c. &c.—and parting.

CANTO III.

The Author continues his Journey through Cahirconlish to Kilmurry Chapel, Incidents which took place there, his Journey to the Wood-house, Bally-Adam, where the Author dines—Description of his Cheer—His return to Limerick by Castle Connell—And concluding with his Address to the Shannon and wishes for the future prosperity of this Country, through the much wished for completion of the Inland Navigation.

CANTO IV.

The Author relates to a Friend in Limerick, his adventures in Cork, at the Races of Rathkeale, and his Description of Colonel Lake's Villa—His Observation on the Assembly—His Retort on an impertinent Witting—His Description of Adare—His Reception from different Gentlemen on the Way to Graige; his grateful thanks to that Family—His general Address to his Readers.

JOURNEY TO KILMURRY.

CANTO I.



At length resolv'd, and sure 'twas time,
To steal myself from town and rhyme,
From noise and bustle to retire,
And purer air I might respire,
From praising fair and charming faces,
With blooming cheeks and winning graces;
With belts dependent from my back,
From Fish-lane mounted my grey Jack,
An Ass in size, yet swift of foot.
Whose grand sire came from Lilliput,
I cross'd that Bridge of great renown,
That leads me thro' the Irish-town
Where Myriads fell in days of yore,
All crown'd with glory in their gore.
Now thro' the streets I scour'd along,
Amidst a noisy num'rous throng:
I met *O'Sullivan* and *O'Brien*,
Two fav'rites of the tuneful Nine,
They wish'd the Poet ev'ry luck,
And many a Member for his Book.
Each street I pass'd I view'd with care,
Alas! *Fitz-Gerald* was not there,
A Youth in whom the graces blend,
The Muses confident and friend;
At this I would have sunk 'tis true,
But my friend *Irwin* was in view.
Irwin who's vers'd in Mathematics,
Projectiles, Tactics, Hydrostatics;
And quite above your low reductions,
He soars upon the wings of Fluxions,
Makes X and Y as well to chime,
As *Pope* or *Cowley* tun'd a rhyme:
For by the tie of country bound,
I honor all from Connaught ground.
With spirits high as I did pass,
In view of ev'ry Lad and Lass,
Fair Stella cries "He's left the City,
"Who now shall sing Miss Jane or Kitty,
"Or blackey'd Sue" all deck'd with grace
"Whose Cakes not sweeter than her Face
Another grateful Virgin cries,
"The Poet prais'd me to the skies,
"And in Acrostics on my name,
"Did hand me down to lasting fame;"
Another group begins to stare,
And swears that I converse with air,
But when I pass, what is more sad,
"They cry the man's distracted mad!"

Another says, "see! see! *O'Kelly*;
"His dangling belts embrace his belly,
"When e'er he walks they hang behind,
"But now the body fast they bind,
"I never knew their use before,
"Perhaps they are in Galway wore;
This curious Race I did not mind,
But quickly left them far behind.
My Horse I urg'd with Spur and Whip,
And thought by *Kelly's* door to slip,
In vain just at his Brandy Shop,
My dappl'd Palfry made a stop,
His feet were fasten'd to the ground.
As if by some enchantment bound;
So *Fenil's* sons renown'd for seats,
Were bound by magic to their seats,
Was ever Bard in such despair,
I mutter'd something like a pray'r,
I call'd for help, friend *Kelly* came,
"This little Nag you could not blame,
"Altho' yourself might have forgot,
"He could not pass without a pot;"
Thus said, and straight he gave a potion,
That set my Pegasus in motion.
Thro' Garryowen next I post,
Whose martial sons on *Omoa's* coast
Led by *Dakrymple* bravely seiz'd
The Fort and Galleons while amaz'd
The spanish troops believ'd they fought
With Gods not Men who glory sought,
Lions in war when they oppose
The Gallic Phalanx in proud rows,
On ev'ry shore on ev'ry sea,
Her Sons undaunted gain the day,
And *Rodney*, *Howe*, and *Elliot* own,
Their laurels all to Garryowen;
But still of Royal bounty they,
Do not partake one single ray,
And this true warlike seed would fail
If not sustain'd by *Connell's* Ale,
Connell their Patron and their Friend,
Whose praises do the Welkins rend,
His merit keeps their fire awake,
For friendship and for Britain's sake,
And war again to them restore,
And bleed and conquer on each shore.

CANTO II.

With locks perfum'd the *pink* of fashion,
 Because it pleases ev'ry passion,
 Exempt from care's destructive load
 (A sad companion on the road,)
 I gallop'd on without delay,
 Thro' crowds unnumber'd made my way.
 Here mounted on a raw-bone hack,
 In thread bare cloth that once was black,
 I met a miracle of nature.
 A swarthy, shrivell'd sapless creature,
 Whose furrow'd cheeks and language low,
 Proclaimed him from the world below,
 My little horse now cock'd his ears,
 Amaz'd we both felt equal fears,
 And wildly starting at the ghost,
 Like Coursers prancing at the post;
 Nor lagg'd the glistly sprite behind,
 But drove his Jack-ass like the wind.
 Thro' Garryowen we drove so fast
 As if we drove to drive our last,
 Like Jockies pushing for a prize
 While puddle paints our eager eyes,
 From Hags what execrations dire!
 Whose curs were trampled in the mire!
 And as I pass'd the turnpike-gate,
 Poor Lazarillo broke his pate,
 The Turnpike Cerberus then said,
 "Stop! stop! good Sir your friend is dead."
 I measur'd back some steps and found
 This Genius bleeding on the ground,
 And found him neither Ghost, nor Elf,
 But a poor mortal like myself.
 Up from a transient swoon he sprung,
 His face beamear'd with liquid dung,
 And with sad looks the spot survey'd,
 On which his Skeleton was laid,
 Thrice coughing pump'd his hollow breast,
 And thrice his speckl'd shoulders blest;
 Full many a doubtful care I read,
 He thus began and shook his head.
 "I know not by the Gods I swear!
 "What shall I think of this affair
 "Altho' I never spar'd the whip,
 "My horse was never known to slip
 "But ah! how can I now excuse him,
 "*Me Hercule Caput jam contusum,*
 "A Caput, Sir, I boldly say,
 "Not made of wood or common clay,
 "For Cork that glories in my birth,
 "(The finest sea-port known on Earth)
 "Can trace my Pedigree to Strongbow,
 "*Eheu! quid prodest pontice longo?*"
 With that the pride of Pembroke's race,
 Began to cleanse his sable face,

Now op'd a box of curious dyes,
 An object fit for Stella's eyes,
 Repaid my care with Box and Snuff,
 And gave me bows and thanks enough.
 This Box did so exceed the ton,
 I thought he dealt with *Barrington*,
 Or that he did the prize purloin,
 From Duke of *Clarence*, Lord *Dunboyne*
 Or that he surely laid his paw
 On the fam'd Princes of *Dashaw*,
 For *Burk* the Jew'ller to me swore,
 He never saw the like before,
 We spur'd we whipp'd to Ballyneet,
 Arriving soon at the small street,
 Being high time we both agreed,
 For Man and Horse to take a feed,
 The Buck, and Hotel clean was near,
 An Inn for beefsteaks fam'd and Beer
 Whose kitchen snug a rich fume rolls,
 From griskins blasing on the coals,
 A cheerful house and blazing fire
 Are always objects of desire:
 My friend whose belly as distended
 The Cook maid's pretty face commended,
 No doubt, he cries, "a slice of beef
 "For travellers is the best relief,
 "And with your leave I won't be rude,
 "I think good Ma'am an Oyster stew'd,
 "A precious morsel in September,
 "*Ostreo Calleo*, you remember;"
 "O sir, cried I, and seem'd to start,
 "You've got the Authors all by heart,
 "If Heav'n e'er stamped a human face,
 "With mark of sin, or sense or grace,
 "Your eyes in dreary pits immers'd,
 "Your chin a sugar loaf revers'd,
 "And sharp long nose just like a spit,
 "Shew you're a prodigy of wit."
 Here the Corkadian replied,
 That Horace was his only guide,
 He gave me still to understand,
 By well-tim'd motions of his hand,
 A shrewd and self-approving grin,
 How rich he thought himself within.
 Now when his paunch with steak was fill'd,
 A quart of porter down he swill'd,
 He made his goat-like eye-balls dance,
 With foaming draughts of gen'rous Nantz,
 The strongest nostrum we can find,
 T' extract the substance of the mind,
 With logic he began to clatter,
 Time, spirit, motion, form and matter,
 Heav'n, Hell and Earth, Jehovah's pow'r,
 Sodom ingulph'd in half an hour,
 Deucalion's flood, the golden fleece,
 The Trojan's kill'd by pow'rs from Greece,
 Of burning *Ætna*, blazing stars,
 Of Prussian Pirates, Turkish wars,

* The noted Pickpocket.

Jews, plotting Jesuits, Popes, Pretenders, " But scarce unbarr'd the gates of speech
Speech Praters, Heteroclites, Genders, " With Thompson, Addison and Creech,
 Amaz'd, I dropp'd my knife and fork, " When rising, with an horrid-roar,
 And thus address'd the Man of Cork : " The wanton whelps my papers tore,
 O born to honor, deathless fame ! " Of Cannibals that fear no rod,
 Say, shall I dare to crave your Name ? " From Magistrate or Prince, of God,
 " My name is Cox " but where's your *Cox* ? " Enclos'd with abouts and blues dwe
 " I left it with my son at home, " One half was destin'd for the fire,
 " For my Cork Hero bears the sway, " At this infernal yell, dismay'd,
 " From rising Sun to setting Day, " Poor Cox invoc'd Apollo's aid,
 " A boy more solid, more profound, " And fervent pray'd the God would shroud
 " Than ever stood on Irish ground, " His fav'rite darling in a cloud.
 " His lips by Jove's immortal Daughters, He scarce had finish'd his harangue,
 " Were dipp'd in Helliconian waters, When like his tongue the knocker rang ;
 " Minerva watch'd his early slumbers, The dresser shook from side to side,
 " And Phœbus taught him all his numbers, The kitchen-door was open'd wide :
 " He knows, not like your bog-bred asses, Like bounds retreating from the wood,
 " Each gooseberry bush that's on Parnassus, " Shriv'ring with cold, and mad for food,
 What Prince cried I, is half so blest ? In rush'd at once a num'rous crowd
 " Sir " answers Cox ! " you speak in jest, Of vulgar farmers, wild and head,
 " Altho' kind nature gives her aid, With bob-tail wigs and foxy felts,
 " Yet fortune damns the rhyming trade, With woolly short surtouts and belts,
 " For no Age e'er afforded Bread, Huge whalebone stamps and broken lishes,
 " Or fame to Bards, till they were dead, Old rusty spurs and spatterdashies ;
 " But when interr'd some did relent, All going to Newcastle race,
 " And crown'd them with a Monument. To see gay *Nostalgia* face to face.
 " For scripture proofs let me alone, Each hunger-pinch'd began to rattle,
 " They ask'd for bread but got a stone, It seem'd the prelude to a battle.
 " My son whose early brilliant blaze, While one for *rogers* humbly begs,
 " Struck all IERNE in amaze, Another roars aloud for *neggs*.
 " Wasted his clear creative fires, The fire was ravish'd from our sight,
 " On Belles and Beaux, on Knights and And ev'n the cook-maid put to flight.
 Squires, Straight to the parlour we retir'd,
 " Raised many a graceless Maid to fame ; Whose cheerful aspect Cox admir'd :
 " The blind, the crooked and the lame, For near the smiling grate he found
 " His blessings on each face did sprinkle, A board with caps and tea-pot crown'd.
 " His Pen from age remov'd each wrinkle, Here, o'er the chimney-piece, were seen
 " And shew'd to HUTCHINSON & WARREN, A portrait of th' ill-fated queen ;
 " That he was not of Genius barren, Argus, with all his watchful eyes,
 " For he has made his members there, Vesuvius blazing to the skies ;
 " As free from bribes as DAN OF CLARE ! Winter in ermine richly drest,
 " Yet what reward !—a neighbour hinted, Gay Summer with a naked breast ;
 " That Cox's verse would not be printed, A Lapland fox, an Indian bear,
 " And gave the wink to all his tribe, And Shan-ap-Morgan on his goat.
 " Who surely promis'd to subscribe. While these with wonder I survey'd,
 " Forth from the press the following week, Behold ! a lovely blooming maid
 " Our hand bills trimm'd with French and Approach'd (how like a bashful bride,)
 Greek, Not with a stiff, theatric stride,
 " Came flying forth a num'rous swarm, Not with a sullen, scornful stare,
 " Enough to stock *O'Mara's* farm ! But a soft, mild, obliging air.
 " 'Twas then, O then alas ! we found, Such was her mien, her shape and size
 " This thing call'd taste an empty sound, As might attract a poet's eyes,
 " And friendship nothing but a bubble, Freckles (those children of the sun,
 " Our golden harvest turn'd to stubble. By which poetic hearts are won)
 " A neighb'ring Club-room fam'd for asses, Were sprinkled with surprising grace,
 " Beta, bloody skulls, and broken glasses, On her fair bosom, neck and face.
 " I boldly enter'd last December, Her eyes, expressive of the soul
 " And made a bow for ev'ry Member, That taught their glowing orbs to roll,

The coldest blockhead could inspire,
 For all her rays were tipped with fire,
 She stood, and gaz'd at Cox awhile,
 Then opening, with a graceful smile,
 Her lips of pure carnation hue,
 Like rosebuds moist with morning dew,
 To me she spoke :—I blush'd and bow'd,
 'Twas all my fluttering heart allow'd.
 'Pray, sir, she cried, has not the Queen
 Something majestic in her mien ?'
 'Indeed,' says I, nor more expressed—
 My answer lurk'd within my breast.
 The nymph, not used to such replies,
 On a broad landscape fixed her eyes,
 And thus : 'if Virgil's rural page
 'If woods and groves your heart engage,
 'Behold the charms of light and shade !
 'The flowery field and dusky glade.
 'See how pale night serene and still
 'Sits brooding o'er yon cloud-capt hill,
 'And spreading wide her gloomy vest,
 'Invites the feather'd tribes to rest,
 'Who, swarming perch upon the trees
 'Now, gently waving, with the breeze.
 'See the proud fabric, crown'd with spires
 'Whose front the rising moon admires ;
 'The stately firs, the tufts of yew,
 'The lawns imperl'd with silver dew,
 'The silent ruminating flock,
 'And water spouting from a rock,
 'See where the peaceful cottage stands !
 'See the mount rais'd by skillful hands !
 'The bridge and artificial flood
 'Meandering thro' the gloomy wood.
 'Observe the grove and shady walk, (talk
 'Where Pope with Homer's ghost might
 'Where echoes wild salute your ear,
 'And turtles coo throughout the year.'
 'These blissful scenes, I thus replied,
 'Are near to Paradise allied,
 'How sweetly should I pass my time,
 'And never fret for want of rhyme,
 'Nor Demor's heaps with envy view,
 'Had I but such a seat—and you.'
 Silent with anger or surprise,
 Her cheeks o'erspread with crimson dies,
 Close by the grate she took her stand,
 A tea-pot trembling in her hand,
 When like a long room drench'd with wine,
 Or some lewd hole where porters dine,
 With Christ's blest name the kitchen rung
 While hell-fire flam'd from ev'ry tongue.
 As when to Watson's awful bench,
 Fierce catchpoles drag some hapless wench
 The mob assembling in a trice
 (Those faithful friends of every vice)
 Tumultuous to the rescue fly,
 Brickbats and dust obscure the sky,
 While bloody fists each face deform,
 And the street trembles with the storm.
 Such was the noise, shouts, thrilling cries
 W--es, thieves and robbers reach'd the skies.
 Poor Cox who slumbered in his chair,
 Drank as a Parson or Lord Mayor,
 Now starting from a sleep profound
 Like crook-back'd Richard star'd around.
 Our door burst open with a fling,
 That made the trembling China ring.
 'O murder ! cried the red-hair'd dame,
 Her cheek, her chest, her eyes on flame.
 'Sure 'tis enough to make me mad—
 'I gave the Scoundrels all I had—
 'Six pounds of ham, of eggs a score,
 'A sir loin never touch'd before,
 'Of pure black-pudding twenty yards
 'Enough to fill five hungry Bards,
 'Rum that could make a Lawyer flutter
 'And beer and porter bread and butter ;
 'For which I charg'd but one pound four—
 'I would not ask a farthing more—
 'Which trifle they refus'd to pay—
 'And my poor man down at Mal-bay''—
 Says Cox, 'let patience be your guide ;'
 'Patience be d—d !' the dame replied,
 'What ! are you fit to preach so soon ?
 'I find you still the same poultron :
 'With all your figures, songs and rhymes,
 'I saw you flogg'd a thousand times.'—
 'Vile, base ill-manner'd wretch !' says Cox,
 'Full oft I comb'd your Father's locks,
 'And made his ribs, his mouth and nose,
 'Confess the fury of my blows.
 'But, tho' my tongue with gall o'erflown,
 'Could, like my teeth, cat flesh and bone
 'With you, dear Pegg ! I shan't contend
 'Whose mother spar'd nor foe nor friend,
 'For bitches bark like those that breed 'em,
 'You know, *tantundem dat tantidem*.
 Burning with shame and vengeful ire,
 (So looks Mount *Ætna* wrapt in fire,
 Or sultry *Sirius* when it sheds,
 Its baneful plagues on human heads.)
 The furious hostess snatch'd the knife,
 (Fit weapon for a butcher's wife,)
 But as she rais'd her dreadful hand,
 Whose force not *Ajax* could withstand,
 To cleave the poor defenceless bard,
 A chariot thundered in the yard.
 Fly, fetch the bellows, rouse the fire !
 She said, and ran to meet the squire,
 His Honor enter'd with a frown
 Enough to knock a *Herc'les* down,
 And look'd at Cox, as who should say,
 Poor rogue, God damn you ! leave my way
 Then boldly strutted up to miss :
 Come, Madam Slyboots ! will you kiss ?

The nymph vermilion'd in the face,
 Flew like a flash from his embrace.
 He stamp'd, he roar'd, he rang the bell :
 Damnation ! Fury ! Death and Hell !—
 ' A mutton chop, z—ds, d—n your blood !'
 Thus Auster bellows through the wood ;
 Thus farmers rattle at a fair,
 When the fish stinks or beef is rare.
 A smoking dish appeared at length :
 The squire exerting all his strength,
 Craunch'd ev'ry bone (a dreadful sound)
 And grinn'd at all the people round.
 So famish'd wolves their rage betray,
 So dogs sit growling o'er their prey.
 Cox drown'd in terror and surprise,
 With trembling lips and haggard eyes,
 Thus softly whisper'd in my ear :
 ' Observe that wicked mountaineer—
 ' If e'er compassion mov'd your breast,
 ' If e'er you serv'd a friend in distress ;
 ' If e'er you nurs'd one thought sublime,
 ' Or felt the tickling charms of rhyme :
 ' Oh ! guard my b—h from foul disgrace—
 ' I read the Vandal in his face.'
 He said, and leaning 'gainst the wall,
 Gave Jupiter a fervent call ;
 While chatt'ring teeth and bristled hair,
 And icy sweat and ghastly stare
 Confess'd the throbbings of his heart,
 Ev'n that obnoxious, secret part,
 That felt the sportman's indignation,
 Sent forth a silent exhalation,
 Not altogether of a piece
 With Lavender or Ambergrise.
 Meantime his lordship flush'd with hock,
 The waiter summon'd with a knock,
 That made a jug and talboy dance,
 And laid poor Panglos in a trance.
 You saucy lickplate ! can you tell
 Who's that fair freckled, black-eyed belle,
 So fraught with impudence and pride ?
 I guess the thing was never tried :
 The flutt'ring waiter answer'd : ' z—ds !
 ' A lady worth five thousand pounds.
 ' Her brother drank till clear day-light ;
 ' A buck that ne'er refus'd to fight,
 ' Like Macnamara tall and strong—
 ' His sword, by G—d ! is three yards long.'
 The dread of Reynard's lawless race
 Assum'd at once a thoughtful face,
 And now accosted flutt'ring Jack :
 Who's that old grasshopper in black ?
 Why, please your honor, he's a scholar
 Well known from Cork to Castlepollard.
 ' And who's that other limping ass ?
 ' Oh ! please your honor, let him pass,
 ' A man that makes the finest ballads,
 ' On dinners, suppers, soups and sallads,
 ' His fame is known from Howth to Blarney
 ' Ev'n from the Causeway to Killarney.'
 The 'squire whose mouth and fork are wide
 Advancing with a monstrous stride,
 Held a huge goblet to my nose :
 ' Your name 's O'K—y I suppose—
 ' By Braham's voice that charms the soul,
 ' Your Doneralle deserves a bowl.
 ' I made some verses in my time,
 ' And still my heart delights in rhyme,
 ' Sir, you should write some fav'rite piece
 ' On England, Portugal, or Greece ;
 ' Or make some nymph, or crystal stream,
 ' The subject of a morning dream ;
 ' Or paint the fox and bounding steed,
 ' And teach the panting stag to bleed.'
 ' Zounds !—shall a Bard his hours mispend,
 ' Come take a glass and give a friend,
 ' Give me no Shylock, like O'Donnell,
 ' Well, sir, I give you Dan O'Connell.'
 The pleasing health went round, and Cox
 Began to sleek his snaky locks,
 And frisk and caper round the squire :
 ' Bright star,' he cried, whom Lords admire !
 ' O born in fortune's sphere to shine !
 ' Presidium decus of the Nine !
 ' Attend the Muses' gentle call
 ' Like good M'Donnell, of Newhall ;
 ' Teach wit, congeal'd by want to flow,
 ' And, as your taste your bounty show,
 ' Behold Tim Cox whose fame is spread
 ' From Bantry Bay to Holyhead ;
 ' Not a rich drone, immers'd in sloth,
 ' Nor a wild buck of last year's growth ;
 ' (But one whose mien and garb express
 ' A genius struggling with distress ;
 ' One whose progenitors renown'd
 ' (Tho' bred on coarse and marshy ground :
 ' In battle brav'd the frowns of fate,
 ' And help'd to save the Church and State,
 ' 'Tis not a wildgoose sonneteer
 ' Whose cackling charms a Lordeen's ear
 ' But a true bard who asks your aid,
 ' A bard full forty years in trade,
 ' Who Phœbus' altars richly crown'd,
 ' And married solid sense with sound.
 ' My works, the fairest eyes engage,
 ' A poem on the iron age :
 ' A curious treatise on coquettes,
 ' Bucks, bloodhounds, blasphemy and bet's ;
 ' A pastoral that smells of roses,
 ' A satire pointed at broad noses ;
 ' With cuts and comments decorated,
 ' And Culix faithfully translated,
 ' Hold,' says the squire, ' you prating dog !
 ' Is Pulex Latin for a frog ?'
 ' Why sure your honor must forget,'
 (Replied the Pedant in a fret,)

' But how can I with safety charge
 ' A man, whose fortune is so large ! ! !
 ' Whose loins are wrapt in lace and sattin,
 ' With shameful ignorance of Latin ?
 ' A prating dog !—no dog am I,
 ' Nor Grasshopper, nor butterfly,
 ' Nor a vile muckworm newly sprung
 ' From that great source of grandeur, dung ;
 ' Yet many a blockhead have I known,
 ' With steeds and chariots like your own,
 ' Descended from the great Jacobus,
 ' The son of Thomas de M'Lobus,
 ' Who taught the seeds of ease and rest,
 ' To spring from Terra's faithful breast.
 ' Away with that ill-natured frown,
 ' The graceless armour of a clown,
 ' I say, by Jove, no man of sense
 ' Would give a gentle maid offence ;
 ' Nor would a man of taste abuse
 ' An humble servant of the Muse :
 ' *Sed stultus, stultus semper erit,*
 ' If the cap fits you, you may wear it.
 ' Tho' Cox to wealth has no pretensions,
 ' Yet he can take a fool's dimensions ;
 ' Give pride and insolence a cut,
 ' And lash a rogue from head to foot.
 The squire for reasons not unknown,
 Chang'd both his colour and his tone :
 And thrice he stamp'd with fierce disdain,
 And thrice he rais'd the clouded cane ;
 When rushing with a whirlwind sound,
 Our drunken hostess shook the ground :
 And bouncing, blazing, like a faggot,
 Call'd Cox a moon-struck moping maggot.
 ' Vile Jew ! she cried, sly treach'rous
 ' Base, batter'd remnant of a rake, [snake,
 ' Whose uncle for a rape was hung !
 ' How durst you with that sland'rous
 ' Abuse my dam in dust grown old, [tongue,
 ' And call myself an arrant scold ?
 ' You pilf'ring insect, wing'd with patches,
 ' Whom every cobweb ale-house catches,
 ' Stand forth yourself, and all your Nine,
 ' Oppose your wither'd arm to mine.
 ' Be sure your utmost strength to try,
 ' Poor Peg, by Gog, or you must die !'
 Thus spoke the gentlest of the fair,
 Then tied her shining length of hair.
 Bar'd her broad chest (a pleasing sight,)
 And stood prepar'd for mortal fight.
 The Munster Bard with fear oppress'd,
 To me these mournful words address'd :
 ' My dear, congenial, faithful friend
 ' Can I with Jove and Fate contend ?
 ' Can I this stubborn fury tame,
 ' Who many a nobler man o'ercame ?
 ' Yet fight (ungrateful task !) I must,
 ' Or beg my life, and lick the dust.
 ' What luckless thought for mischief born
 ' Brought me from Castletown this morn.
 ' Where pleasure smiles on plenty's throne
 ' And bottles bleed without a groan ?
 ' Alas ! if wretched Cox be slain,
 ' Shall his sad relics here remain,
 ' To rav'nous dogs and rooks a prey,
 ' Far from his friends and kindred clay ?
 ' Twice twenty years in Cork I spent,
 ' To Cork then let my bones be sent.
 ' If Dan that arm of steel were here,
 ' Poor Tim would have no cause to fear,
 ' My books and chest, my colt and mare,
 ' I leave to young Pat Sh——n° care.
 ' To you my snuff box I resign,
 ' (Belinda's gift) a work divine,
 ' O guard with reverence what I give,
 ' And know that Cox is doom'd to live :
 ' In spite of fortune's ruffling shocks,
 ' And spleen with all her pointed rocks.
 ' On a smooth stream of tuneful rhymes,
 ' My name shall glide to future times.
 ' See how the threat'ning tyrant stands !
 ' Ye pow'rs ! protect me from her hands,
 ' O'er all my breast cold horrors creep,
 ' My rigid nerves seem fast asleep ;
 ' Yet fall I must—or live with glory—
 ' *Dulce est pro patria mori.*
 With that he wept, the foe drew near,
 And fasten'd on our champion's ear,
 Who sung such notes as pain composes,
 Like pigs when farmers wring their noses.
 But now from Limerick came straightway
 Where beauty sheds her brightest ray,
 Some Goddess sent to Cox's aid,
 A man who ne'er his friend betray'd.
 The knocker rang, the valves withdrew,
 Straight from her prey the tigress flew,
 Richard O'Mara—foe to strife
 Whose heart and tongue are man and wife.
 Cast a sly look about the room :
 ' How goes it, Tim ? dear Mr. Broom !
 ' What news from Sheepwalk ? none at all
 ' 'Tis said that beef has got a fall.
 Cox roar'd for vengeance—Dick sat down
 Assum'd a judge's awful frown,
 And thus reproach'd the trembling dame :
 ' Thou monster, void of sense or shame :
 ' Fountain of gall, of beer and rum,
 ' Whose tongue still rattles like a drum
 ' What mov'd thee, slut, to lift thy hand !
 ' Against fair Clio's sacred band ?
 Sure Turks and Heathens must detest
 The brute that wrong'd a stranger guest,
 A frugal wit, by fate design'd
 To glean what authors left behind ;
 A skillful bard that's bound in duty,
 To heal the wounds of youth and beauty,

• A Classical young Gentleman in the City of Limerick, and a true lover of
 the Heliconian Choir.

To praise the good men of Clare county See! cries one rustic to the rest,
 Compos'd of courage, mirth and bounty; What gold around O'Kelly's rest,
 To point and polish Cupid's dart, Another whispers to the crowd,
 To cheer the drooping widow's heart; That Bards are always monstrous proud.
 To wish unmarried belles good luck, In vain my pen attempts to tell,
 And make a prince of every buck. Their tales would to an Iliad swell.
 Touch'd with her neighbour's keen rebuke, Mass o'er—the gen'rous *Houigan*,
 Poor Peg began to weep and puke, As usual to collect began,
 At such a sight and such a scent, And first into the hat did throw,
 What heart of oak would not relent? His *leg* to ease the breast of woe,
 Lo! now superbly col'd and gow'd, The Reverend O' *Riordan* then,
 Our hostess curtsy'd to the ground, Did thus accept the best of men:
 A red-hair'd maid both briak and gay, "Dear Sir, my words cannot express,
 Tho' coarse and bordering on decay, "How much you ease each dire distress,
 Attended her—when now cries Cox, "Where e'er you sit, where e'er you go,
 "Come mount my friend for lo! the fox." "You still dispel each care and woe,
 The reckoning paid—he mounts hallo, "Each anxious care your cares beguile,
 And dashes on with Tally-ho; "The orphans and the widows smile,
 And here the man of Cork light hearted "When e'er a charity's began
 Gave me a hug, and so we parted. "By the thrice gen'rous *Houigan*,
 "Would, that I had my fees of *Easter*,"
 Said he, and instant threw a teltar,
 On this—for Bards are ne'er behind
 O'Kelly soon his taster join'd,
 Who sordid feelings ne'er could claim,
 Who pelf disdains, but pants for fame.
 The flock dispers'd on ev'ry side
 I strutted forth with Bardic pride.
 I got my steed to trot away,
 But Master *Holmes* swore I should stay; }
 Says he "you'll dine with us to day.
 I thank'd the good, the gen'rous youth
 The fount of honour, worth, and truth,
 But first I told him that I should,
 Visit the couple of the Wood,
 I took my leave, mounted once more,
 Told him I'd mark the hour of four,
 O'er lakes and sloughs, (a dismal place)
 I jouraled on with tardy pace,
 Till in a verdant vale I stood,
 Once cover'd with a dreary wood,
 Whose lordly oaks from winds and rain,
 Preserv'd the neighb'ring Shepherd swain,
 But Mr. *Houigan* not there,
 I saw his spouse, his children feir,
 Here then I waited for some time,
 And told them my success at rhyme,
 What Peers I got on Galway shore,
 With *Leinster's* Duke and thousands more—

CANTO III.

Now neither was your Author slack,
 I whipp'd, I spurr'd my little Jack,
 To that small town call'd Caherconlish,
 More fam'd for fighting than for fish,
 Where toppers often bumpers drain,
 To the disturbance of their brain,
 Where groves of bludgeons brandish'd
 round
 Lay foes in thousands on the ground,
 All hardy souls, who dare oppose,
 Are sure to wipe a bloody nose.
 I waited here to take a glass,
 From thence I to Kilmurphy mass
 Journied full straight, without delay,
 But met young Vulcan on the way;
 A man of credit to the trade,
 The Poet and his palfrey stay'd,
 He gave my jennet a good feed,
 To chapel next we did proceed,
 But Reverend *Riordan* not being there,
 I had a little time to spare,
 I met a man of wond'rous fame,
 The best and noblest of his name,
 To whom I told my great success,
 Four hundred members nothing less,
 Already grac'd my little book,
 Quoth he "I wish you ev'ry luck,"
 The Man of God appear'd in view
 Away to pray'r we instant flew,
 And now the people all flock'd in,
 To cleanse and expiate their sin,
 Now cross'd and sprinkl'd ev'ry pate
 Some fell to pray and some to prate,
 O' *Riordan* now in robes array'd
 Old Sheela cough'd while Shevana pray'd, And men I can't at present sing,

CANTO IV.

In Cork great Men of honor there,
 And Ladies beautiful and fair,
 With pleasure did confer their bounty,
 The best and noblest in the County;
 Shannon's good Lord and noble King,*
 And men I can't at present sing,

* Right Hon. Lord Kingsborough.

Was ever Muse so tir'd, to fail
 To raise the song to Riversdale,*
 The finest Widow can be known,
 From Bandon-bridge to brave Athlone.
 There numbers did my works admire,
 Miss G——d and lovely Miss Ma——g——re,
 Round whose fair face so sweet and young,
 Her sable hair in ringlets hung,
 Her glitt'ring eyes diffus'd afar,
 The lustre of the morning Star,
 Who could such tempting pow'rs shun,
 What rigid Monk could from her run,
 But quickly drop his book and pray'r,
 And pour a fervent Ave there.
 Happy the Man, for whom her charms,
 Oh! happy! happy! in her arms.
 A would be Critic—slippery Burke,
 Dealt out some strictures on my work,
 The Caitiff sure usurp'd that name,
 For Burke's an index of true fame—
 He swore—poor dull unletter'd Elf
 O'Kelly's verse was like himself,
 Which shews the genius of the Ape,
 To measure mental pow'rs by shape;
 But I will tell, Sir Fopling Fustian,
 A small Anecdote drawn from Justin,
 Which tho' the lowest book in School,
 Is much too high for this dull Fool:
 When the Messenians brav'd the field,
 And forc'd fierce Sparta's sons to yield,
 Delphic Apollo as relief,
 Bid them to get an Attic Chief;
 Proud Athens, Slippry, let me tell ye!
 Sent them a Bard lame as O'Kelly;
 Tyrtæus of Poetic strain,
 Marshall'd soon the Spartan train.
 They take the field, resolv'd to die
 Or conquer,—but are forc'd to fly;
 Again they come, in bright array,
 Messene still obtains the day.
 Here Sparta hung her drooping head,
 And wail'd her martial ardour fled,
 Deplor'd her fatal situation,
 And wished to make a supplication.
 Tyrtæus with his heav'nly fire,
 Attunes the bold persuasive Lyre,
 And sings in the divinest strain,
 The praise of men in battle slain!
 Inspir'd by him, thus to the field,
 Rush on determin'd not to yield.
 His heav'nly strains, when they engage,
 Awake and feed their martial rage,
 They drive the wonder stricken foe,
 And conquest waits on ev'ry blow,

O'er hills and dales the strokes resound,
 And Sparta comes with conquest crown'd.
 But tho' Burke can't discern you see,
 'Twixt Sapphic strains and Lango Lee,
 Yet he's in other knowledge rich,
 Can let you bleed, can cure the itch;
 For knowledge in the clouds he harried
 To know what Pigs a Sow had farried,
 He'd better far to mind his trade,
 Than publish verse already made.
 There's not a town in southern clime,
 That's not immortal in his rhyme,
 But since I'm told that Burke is dead
 Light lie the Sod upon his head,
 Whose works made those who read them
 sleep,

For his great loss mankind should weep!
 Whose works ne'er gain'd him praise or
 pelf,

Nor understood e'en by himself.

Th' O'Kelly's† too of Mallow-lane,
 Deserve my thanks in deathless strain,
 For warm welcomes here were mine,
 The twenty one‡ which mark our line:
 To be as generous as brave,
 O'Kelly got, O'Kellys gave.
 Their children's talents who can tell,
 In future days as Bards they'll swell.
 And mount the Car of deathless fame,
 And add fresh honours to our name.

Princely Coldwell next I sing,
 Sweet Coldwell of th' Hyperian spring,
 Who often sent his rhiming Card,
 T' invite his friend, Ierne's Bard:
 May Millfield be a happy spot,
 And never by the Bard forgot.

O'Kelly next a tour did take,
 To see the truly gen'rous Leake,§
 Whose well crown'd hospitable board,
 The choicest fare did there afford.
 His offspring dear and liberal bride,
 In whom an Emperor might pride,
 Had thousand welcomes for the Bard,
 And paid him every best regard;
 His Gardens beautiful and fine,
 Afford a shade to rest or dine.
 Here variegated shrubs are found,
 Not sweeter on Ierne's ground.
 From thee what clouds of fragrance rise,
 Thou fairest Parterre 'neath the skies.
 Lo! from the covert of a Yew,
 Diana here attracts our view,
 Fair Flora, Juno, and the rest,
 Are to the very life express'd.

* Hon. Lady Riversdale.

† Two worthy Brothers of the O'Kelly's.

‡ The O'Kellys receive visitors with 21 welcomes.

§ Colonel Leake, of Rathkeale Abbey.

Behold the mantling Ivy climbs,
 And all yon sacred wall entwines :
 Here holy Altars once were laid,
 Here pious Priests most fervent pray'd ;
 Blameless thro' Life's vile maze they trod
 Their guiding Star, their bleeding God.
 Here golden Ceres' temples rise,
 In Corn-ricks that meet the skies,
 While Jupiter, the Entertainer,
 Smiling bestrides the bottle drainer ;
 While brawny Bacchus, plac'd a Butt on,
 That would suffice a greedy glutton,
 Now cheer'd with hospitable fare,
 I walk'd abroad to breathe the air—
 When lo ! a sound pervades my ears,
 Beyond the music of the spheres :
 I stopp'd, and instant cried, methinks,
 These notes are from immortal Hynks :
 Led by th' attractive sound I go
 Where many a Belle, and many a Beau,
 With graceful ease did skim the ground,
 In many a dizzy well-tim'd round ;
 There Beauty's pride did seem to reign,
 The Queen of each adjacent plain ;
 In highest splendor nobly shone,
 Each fit to grace a monarch's throne ;
 And many a youth both tall and taper,
 Exulting cut a lofty caper :
 To shew Miss Evans's graceful arts,
 And shew the fair Miss Lloyd their parts,
 While far surpassing all—Miss Henn,
 Worth of Jove, the King of Men,
 Mov'd Venus like among the Choir,
 And struck each soul with Love's pure fire,
 Such love as Angels did create,
 To Man in Man's primeval state.

Next to dear Hunt* I raise the song,
 Whose lovely Bride still grac'd the throng,
 Angelic fair one ! she appears
 Fresh dropp'd from yonder lucid spheres !
 Lo ! here her heavenly form advanc'd,
 She seemed a Goddess as she danced,
 And ev'ry step and all I see,
 Proclaim her a divinity.
 O may old Shannon often bear,
 On his fair back this Heav'nly fair,
 Unto her mansion in that Isle,
 Where this fair Goddess' known to smile,
 Where like a second Venus she
 Doth seem to spring up from the sea,
 Or like a second Thetis brave,
 Doth smiling rule the ambient wave ;
 May she long rule o'er Shannon's shore,
 And ev'ry age her race adore !
 But while I pass the group along,
 Catching materials for a song,
 And viewing each transporting Lass,
 That's wont to crown the bumper glass,

The Furies blasted my intent,
 And in the way a puppy sent :
 A Mushroom long immers'd in clay,
 Who dares to visit now the day :
 Who, from Corruption's filth and dung,
 The world around doth know is sprung,
 Whose gaudy clothes and mighty matters,
 Have made some thousands go in tatters :
 Who tho' red-hot from Oxford College,
 Is still a hum-drum void of knowledge.
 O'Kelly sprung from HER'MON's race,
Whose ancestry ne'er knew disgrace ;
 Who rul'd with honor far and wide,
Nor sail'd adown Corruption's tide,
 Who forfeited their lives, their all,
 And by their King did nobly fall.
 And in the cause each lost himself,
Nor plunder'd all to hoard up pelf,
 Who sunk beneath hard fortune's fate,
Nor smuggled on to sink the state :
 Such men the angry Nine detest,
Blush ! blush ! you supine passive west ;
 He cries, most stupid of all asses,
 Πολυφλοισβοιο (Βη) θαλασσης.
 Come, construe for me, Bard O'Kelly,
 O silly trechin, let me tell ye
 Homer was known to all my race,
Before your's could transcribe a lease.

From Rathkeale next unto Adare,
 With eager speed I next repair :
 Here I call'd in to see Learn'd Gleeson,
 True Son of Glee, and a most Free son,
 He paid me ev'ry due regard,
 And like a Prince did treat the Bard,
 Himself a Bard of genuine merit,
 To forter Bards does own the spirit.
 And oh ! what grateful thanks are due,
 To his good Wife and Daughter too.
 Where shall I find so sweet a soul,
 So good a Maid from pole to pole,
 Beauties more fair than tinctur'd skin,
 Display their native charms within.

To Quirk's good Inn I went to dine,
 And drank of his good punch and wine,
 How kind his Daughters ; how polite,
 How in my Verse they took delight,
 How sweetly mix'd with heav'nly graces,
 Merit shines conscious in their faces,
 And dinner o'er thought it no sin,
 To call on great Sir Richard Quin.
 Sir Richard with a Monarch's grace,
 Gives life and vigour to the place,
 A place which life and vigour too
 Would give to Infidel or Jew.
 Here lordly Oaks, and Elms, and Yews,
 The Bard in great amazement views,
 Such Oaks, such Elms, he ne'er before
 Beheld in bloom on any shore.

* John Hunt, Esq. Foyn's Island.

† Now Mrs. Bolton Waller.

Here silver water murmuring falls,
 Here ivy creeps o'er sacred walls,
 Here tuneful echo truly says,
 The dying notes of other days,
 When holy Fathers grac'd this spot,
 Which is not yet by them forgot,
 For sure enthron'd beyond this sphere,
 They still protect the blest Adare,
 Next I arriv'd at Greep's of Graige,
 More noble Blood ne'er flow'd at Prague;
 Here Nature shew'd each scene anew,
 A Paradise appeared in view,
 Here ev'ry lovely sight is found,
 The verdant hills with Turrets crown'd
 While o'er the meadows wav'd the wood,
 Whose murmurs answer to the flood,
 That gurgling labour for a birth,
 Forcing their way thro' mother earth,
 Here princely hospitable cheer,
 Rules lordly round the varied year,
 And Oh! ye fates, but spare good Green,
 Meridian lustre of this scene!
 His worth, his labours, and his soul,
 Will raise Greenmount from pole to pole,
 Green is the man who shows regard
 And honors to the tuneful Bard.

At eight arriv'd my well-fed Jack,
 I now to Limerick journed back,
 Thro' Boher down I made my way,
 Cahirconlish would me delay,
 The people there all wish me well.
 Ah! better sure than tongue can tell;
 I thought to meet the good O'Brien,*
 The Prince and fav'rite of the Nine,
 As for the much lamented *Burke*†
 His name already grac'd my Work.
 Lo! here my Palfray stript a shoe,
 To Vulcan's fiery cell I flew,
 Whose sons repair'd my nag with speed;
 I paid—and soon regained my steed.
 What haste, what hurry was I in
 From his dark, dreary, dusty din,
 What place, more hated by the Muse,
 A place of nonsense, noise and news.
 Soon met good *Maunsell* from the Square,
 Who merited the Bard's best prayer.
 Hence to Newcastle next I steer'd,
 The Lordly SHANNON soon appear'd,
 Shannon, the pride of this good Nation,
 Whose bosom courts a Navigation:
 Soon may your lucid waters roll,
 Each blessing found from pole to pole,
 May fam'd Euphrates and the Nile,
 Soon visit thee with friendly smile,
 And bear their Eastern treasures here,
 To crown the blessings of each year:
 And praying thus, I jogg'd along,
 Till Fish-lane stopp'd my prayer and song!

The Welcome.

TO P. O'KELLY, ESQ.

Welcome! great Master of the Lyre,
 Whom all the Nine obey;
 Thine is the true poetic fire,
 That never can decay.
 Thy song is like thy theme—
 With MANGERTON now towers sublime,
 Now sinks into a softer clime,
 And with the floating stream,
 Lulls to some pleasing dream,
 Of ERIN's olden time—
 Sweet as the mild Lewin's flow,
 The silvery numbers go;
 When gently swelling to a higher tone,
 Like thy own FLESK, they murmur on,
 Whilst ever and anon,
 Like fitful flashes of the sun,
 Upon the rippling stream,
 The beamings of thy wit are t'rown
 With purer gleam
 Upon this mortal streamlet of thy own.
 Purer—for what is matter's blaze,
 Compar'd to mind's creative rays?
 Again the song is chang'd—(na's groves,
 Thro' Mucrus' flow'ry plains, and Glen-
 And Dunloe's soothing shades the Poet roves
 Where erst green ERIN's brave and lovely
 Before his raptur'd eyes (rang'd
 The shadowy past doth rise,
 And up against the stream of time
 To land in regions more sublime
 The Minstrel's vessel plies.
 'Tis changed again.—Behold
 That sheet of liquid gold,
 Reflecting all that's bright around,
 The flow'r, the sloping hill, the grove,
 And the bright face of Heaven above—
 Even like the Poet's soul,
 Deep, clear, and bright,
 In Heaven's own light,
 The silvery waters roll.
 But cease, my feeble muse,
 'Tis not for strains so weak as thine
 To sing this MASTER of the Nine—
 Minstrel! thy votary sues,
 For pardon; if the light divine,
 Which beams along thy ev'ry line,
 Hath lost a ray,
 As through my PRISM of rhyme they pass,
 Thou art the sun, and I, as glass,
 Reflect the day.

Cork, June 1825.

O. L.

* Major O'Brien.

† Mr. Bourke, of Madeboy.

THE

LITANY FOR DONERAILE.

ALAS! how dismal is my tale,
 I lost my watch in Doneraile.
 My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
 Pilfer'd at once in Doneraile.
 May Fire and Brimstone never fail,
 To fall in show'rs on Doneraile.
 May all the leading fiends assail,
 The thieving Town of Doneraile.
 As light'nings flash across the vale,
 So down to Hell with Doneraile.
 The fate of Pompey at Pharsale,
 Be that the curse of Doneraile.
 May Beef, or Mutton, Lamb or Veal,
 Be never found in Doneraile,
 But Garlic Soup and seury Cale,
 Be still the food for Doneraile.
 And forward as the creeping snail,
 Th' industry be, of Doneraile.
 May Heav'n a chosen curse entail,
 On rigid, rotten Doneraile.
 May Sun and Moon for ever fail,
 To beam their lights on Doneraile.
 May ev'ry pestilential gale,
 Blast that cur'd spot called Doneraile.
 May not a Cuckoo, Trush or Quail,
 Be ever heard in Doneraile.
 May Patriots, Kings, and commonweal,
 Despise and harrass Doneraile.
 May ev'ry Post, Gazette and Mail,
 Sad tidings bring of Doneraile.
 May loudest thunders ring a Peal,
 To blind and deafen Doneraile.
 May vengeance fall at head and tail,
 From North to South at Doneraile.
 May profit light and tardy sale,
 Still damp the trade of Doneraile.
 May Fame resound a dismal tale,
 Whene'er she lights on Doneraile.
 May Egypt's plagues at once prevail,
 To thin the knaves of Doneraile.
 May frost and snow, and sleet and hail,
 Benumb each joint in Doneraile. [traill
 May wolves and bloodhounds trace and
 The cursed crew of Doneraile.

May Oscar with his fiery sail,
 To Atoms thresh all Doneraile.
 May every mischief fresh and stale,
 Abide henceforth in Doneraile.
 May all from Belfast to Kinsale,
 Scoff, curse, and damn you Doneraile.
 May neither Flow'r or Oatenmeal,
 Be found or known in Doneraile.
 May want and woe each joy cartail,
 That e'er was known in Doneraile.
 May no one Coffin want a nail,
 That wraps a rogue in Doneraile.
 May all the thieves that rob and steal,
 The Gallows meet in Doneraile.
 May all the sons of Granuwaile,
 Blush at the thieves of Doneraile.
 May mischief big as Norway whale,
 O'erwhelm the knaves of Doneraile.
 May curses wholesale and retail,
 Pour with full force on Doneraile.
 May ev'ry transport wont to sail,
 A convict bring from Doneraile,
 May ev'ry churn and milking pail,
 Fall dry to staves in Doneraile.
 May cold and hunger still congeal,
 The stagnant blood of Doneraile.
 May ev'ry hour new woes reveal,
 That Hell reserves for Doneraile.
 May ev'ry chosen ill prevail,
 O'er all the Imps of Doneraile.
 May no one wish or pray'r avail,
 To soothe the woes of Doneraile.
 May th' Inquisition straight impale,
 The rapparees of Doneraile.
 May curse of Sodom now prevail,
 And sink to ashes Doneraile.
 May Cheron's Boat triumphant sail,
 Completely mann'd from Doneraile.
 Oh! may my Couplets never fail,
 To find new curse for Doneraile.
 And may grim Pluto's inner gaol,
 For ever groan with Doneraile.

THE PALINODE.

(Most humbly Dedicated to LADY DONERAILE).



How vastly pleasing is my tale,
I found my watch at Doneraile.
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
Were all restored at Doneraile.
May fire and brimstone ever fall,
To hurt or injure Doneraile.
May neither fiend or foe assail,
The gen'rous town of Doneraile.
May light'ning never singe the vale,
That leads to darling Doneraile.
May Pompey's fate at old Pharsale,
Be still revers'd at Doneraile.
May beef and mutton, lamb and veal,
Plenty create in Doneraile.
May garlic soup or scurvy cale,
No palate spoil at Doneraile.
May neither frog or creeping snail,
Subtract the crops of Doneraile.
May Heav'n each chosen bliss entail,
On honest, friendly Doneraile.
May Sol or Luna never fall,
To shine and blaze at Doneraile.
May ev'ry soft ambrosial gale,
Waft ev'ry bliss to Doneraile.
May ev'ry cuckoo, thrush and quail,
A concert form at Doneraile.
May ev'ry Post, Gazette and Mail,
Glad tidings bring to Doneraile.
May no harsh thunder ring a peal,
To incommode sweet Doneraile.
May profit high and speedy sale,
Enlarge the trade of Doneraile.
May fame resound a pleasing tale,
Of ev'ry joy at Doneraile.
May Egypt's plagues for ever fall,
To hurt or injure Doneraile.
May frost or snow, or sleet or hail,
No mischief do at Doneraile.
May Oscar with his fiery sail,
Thresh all the foes of Doneraile.

May all from Belfast to Kinsale,
Be half as good as Doneraile.
May choicest flour and oatenmeal,
Be still to spare at Doneraile.
May want or woe no joy curtail,
That's always known at Doneraile.
No coffin that grim death may nail,
Can wrap a rogue at Doneraile.
There are no thieves to rob or steal,
Within two leagues of Doneraile.
Sure all the sons of Granuwall,
May well be proud of Doneraile.
May no dire monster, shark or whale,
Annoy or torture Doneraile.
May no disaster e'er assail,
The bliss and peace of Doneraile.
May ev'ry transport wont to sail,
Encrease the wealth of Doneraile.
May ev'ry churn and milking pail,
O'erflow with cream at Doneraile.
May cold or hunger ne'er congeal,
The precious blood of Doneraile.
May ev'ry hour new joys reveal,
To crown the bliss of Doneraile.
May ev'ry sweet that can regale,
New odours waft to Doneraile.
May no corroding ill prevail,
To damp the joys of Doneraile.
May ev'ry wish and pray'r avail,
To crown the peace of Doneraile.
May the Inquisition ne'er impale,
Or hurt a limb of Doneraile.
May Sodom's curses ne'er prevail,
To sink or torture Doneraile.
May Charon's boat for ever sail,
Without a man from Doneraile.
May gallows, gibbet, stocks and gaol,
Appear a wreck at Doneraile.
And may its LADY never fail,
To find new joys at Doneraile.

THE SIMILE.

Written on the beautiful Beach of Lebinch,
in the county of Clare. This romantic
spot, so long admired by many, is the
property of Andrew Stackpool, Esquire.

My life is like the Summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky :
But e're the shades of evening close,
Is scatter'd on the ground to die.
But on the rose's humble bed,
The sweetest dews of Night are shed ;
As if she wept, such waste to see :
But who—alas! shall weep for me ?
My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the noon's pale ray ;
Its hold is frail,—its date is brief,
Restless,—and soon to pass away !
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade !
The winds bewail the leafless tree :
But who shall then bewail for me ?
My life is like the print which feet
Have left on Lehinch desert strand ;
Soon as the rising-tide shall beat,
The track shall vanish from the sand ;
Yet, as if grieving to efface,
The vestige of the human race !
On that fond shore loud moans the sea ;
Who but the Nine shall moan for me ?

The above is a fair specimen of the
Poems of the celebrated P. O'Kelly,
Esq. who is at this time in Belfast.—We
submit it to our readers' attention, in
exemplification of his taste and talent.
(*Belfast News-Letter.*)

ANSWER,

BY

J. O'LEARY, ESQ. CORK.

TO P. O'KELLY, ESQ.

ON READING HIS SIMILE BEGINNING

" My life is like the summer rose
" That opens to the morning sky."

Yes, Bard divine ! when you are laid
Within the narrow house of Death,
MELPOMENE, that mournful maid,
Shall o'er thee pour her fondest breath ;
And even THALIA's laughing eye
Shall shew the unaccustomed tear,
Whilst asking, with a mournful sigh,
" My own O'KELLY—sleeps he here ?

" His quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
" Are they all mute and silent now ?
" Will he no more call up the smiles
" Like summer sunshine o'er my brow ?
" Come, sisters ! cull the sweetest flow'rs
" That in Parnassian breezes wave,
" And fling them here in fragrant show'rs—
" This is my Bard, O'KELLY's grave !"
And Love will come, the urchin boy—
With downcast brow and drooping wing,
Feeling a melancholy joy
Whilst o'er thy bier the sisters sing—
Yes, Love, with whom you fondly play'd
In many a winning roundelay,
Will come to weep where thou art laid—
Then turn in silent grief away.
And ever when returning Spring
Brings in the merry morn of May,
Unseen the muses' hands shall fling
Sweet odours o'er thy mould'ring clay.
The passing traveller will say,
Whilst lingering in the rich perfume,
" How fondly do the muses pay
" Their tribute at O'KELLY's tomb !"
Cork, May 21, 1825.

IMPROMPTU.

BY THE

REV. HORACE TOWNSEND

Of the County Cork.

ON MR. O'KELLY,

Coming to Derry on a foggy morning.

Dark and cheerless rose the day,
Not one glimpse of Solar ray ;
Shone to dissipate the gloom
Brooding over ev'ry room :
When behold a sudden light !
Flash'd upon the startled sight :
In a moment all was bright,
As when day succeeds to night !
You'll not wonder, when I tell ye,
'Twas the flash of Bard O'KELLY !
Him bright gleams of splendour follow,
Erin owns him her APOLLO !
Halt he does, but 'tis no more,
Than great BYRON did before.
Read his Verses and you'll find
There's no limping in his mind,
But for praises—wanting time,
I refer you to his Rhyme.—
For there his MUZE enraptur'd strong,
Soars in the pomp of EPIC SONG :
So Reader, give your kind Subscription,
To grace the CAUSEWAY's fair Description.

IMPROMPTU

TO

P. O'KELLY, ESQ.

I look'd from my window over the sea,
 As a horseman rode on so gallantly;
 With muffled Clonk around him thrown,
 And light velisse was the stranger known,
 His snow-white lockstream'd on the wind.
 And a young Page tripp'd on behind;
 Many a whisper'd word and stare
 Met me from village idlers there,
 The poet as on some errand sped;
 Yet, methought his keen glance said—
 "Gentle hearts of gentle kin,"
 "Take the wand'ring minstrel in."
 He came a favourite of the Nine,
 For Ireland's pride some wreaths to twine—
 O! well could former Bards recount
 Those fabled tales of Ida's mount,
 And Simois stream, upon whose banks
 Fought the fam'd Greeks, now deathless
 So you in th' old heroic measure [ranks,
 Can breathe to Classic ears a pleasure,
 Now seldom felt for few indite,
 The verse O'KELLY best can write,
 Killarney's Lake, the Giant's way,
 Are themes that well have wak'd the lay;
 Nor ever try the modern Chime,
 But follow still the Epic Rhyme,
 BARD of the North (a distant tour,
 To greet us comes a troubadour;)
 One of Apollo's PRIESTESS' sends
 These lines while at the board of friends;
 O! such should Minstrels ever find,
 Dastard the heart and cold the mind—
 That ere could injure, or could wrong
 The lowliest CHILD of glorious Song.
 Dingle. A. MAHONY.

TO. P. O'KELLY, ESQ.

On his "HYMENEAL ORGIES," and
 in return for the pleasure which the
 writer received from the perusal of his
 pure and priceless pastoral poetry.

O'Kelly! from the maudlin train [rhyme
 Who rhyme, and madden whilst they
 Racking the fibres of their brain
 To weave the web of false sublime,
 From Southey, Coleridge, Hunt, we flee *Cork*,
 To nature, poetry, and thee!!!

Sick of the puling nurs'ry style,
 From mawkish Wordsworth too we fly,
 (Admonishing the bard the while
 That *folly's* not *simplicity*),
 The soul, delighted, turns and gorges
 Upon thy "Hymeneal Orgies."
 For there, as in a glass, we see
 The country's very form and stature,
 Since Swift, no bard has held, like thee,
 The mirror up to Irish nature;
 With every Muse thou seem'st to traffic,
 And thy bold draughts are truly graphic.
 Go on—let every light and shade
 That softens, varies, gilds the Isle,
 Be, through thy fancy's medium, made
 More rich, more soft, more volatile;
 Be witty, tender, gay, by turns,
 Our rural Bard—green Erin's Burns!
 Cork, May 21, 1825.

J. O'L.

THE WREATH,

Addressed to P. O'KELLY, ESQ.

Come twine a wreath,
 Of flow'rs that breathe,
 Round the soft flowing Helicon;
 Bring Roses bright,
 As e'er the light,
 Of summer's sunshine rested on.
 Bring v'lets blue,
 While yet the dew,
 Of morning glitters on each bell;
 Bring shamrock green,
 To blend between,
 Bring ever blooming Asphodil.
 Go search where last,
 The Fairies past,
 Their jocund hour of midnight glee;
 And cull each flow'r,
 That springs that hour,
 Amid their moon-lit rivalry.
 Bring woodbine vein'd,
 No bee has drain'd,
 Go take it to the Queen of Love;
 And let her breathe
 Upon the wreath,
 Mix laurels and the chaplets wove.
 Come twine it now,
 Around his brow,
 Who holds the throne of minstrelsy;
 O'KELLY wear,
 This Garland fair,
 Green ERIN'S Bard, 'tis twin'd for THEE.

O'LEARY.

AN ODE ON THE CREATION,

AN EXTEMPORE ADDRESS

Inscribed to the Most Rev. Dr. Laffan.

TO THE VERY REV.

1. To that Great God who lives above,
Whose Temple is the skies,
Whose Altar earth,—from ev'ry tongue
Let adoration rise.
2. Ye Heav'nly Hosts! my soul inspire,
To praise his holy name,
Join all ye Saints the hallow'd theme
And celebrate his fame.
3. JEHOVAH's fame, the God of might,
Who gave all nature birth:
Who fix'd the azure curtain'd sky
And form'd the sea-girt earth.
4. How great the skill, that makes the
spheres,
Their various courses run!—
How absolute the dread command,
That will'd and it was done!!!
5. All rude and destitute of form,
The barren desert lay,
Till God decreed his awful will,
And usher'd in the day!
6. Resplendent in his wond'rous sphere,
The Glorious Sun arose;
The Moon and all the Starry train,
Their various orbs disclose!
7. Far o'er the visage of the deep,
He shook his awful rod;
The waters fled, the seas retir'd
Obedient to their God!
8. His breath created ev'ry fowl
And all the reptile train;
The beasts that haunt the desert wood
And fish that skim the main!
9. He bade the pregnant soil conceive
And ev'ry plant take root;
When lo! appear'd (stupendous frame!)
The blossom and the fruit!
10. But last of all his wond'rous works,
And nobler than the whole,
He form'd the dust and to that dust,
He gave a living soul! [hand,
11. Form'd, fram'd, and fashion'd by his
See! wisdom in his heart,
To guide, to cherish, and direct,
What nature's rules impart!
12. Oh! great CREATOR, these thy works,
In universal songs,
Harmoniously proclaim the praise,
That to thy name belongs!
13. Join all ye saints inthron'd on high,
The great, the God-like Theme;
O, aid me! all ye Hosts of Heaven,
To laud the pow'r Supreme!!!

THE ARCHDEACON OF LIMERICK.

To GENEROUS MAUNSELL, just and good,
The Bard complains in doleful mood,
Of Fortune, still the Muse's foe
And source of all the ills we know,
That plague mankind, intail a curse,
And straight way lead from bad to worse,
Jilted by that false DEITY;
What in such woeful plight as he!
For JADED PEGASUS refuses,
Henceforth, to amble for the muses,
Whose hapless votary therefore
Must wield a crutch and ride no more!!!
Of every pleasing hope bereft,
No remedy, alas! is left,
If Maunsell will not smile upon
And give the harass'd back a run:
His well known bounty to complete,
And PEGASUS re-animate.
Th' indulgence of a week or two
With proper care, perhaps may do;
For th' ambling Hack his pace to mend,
And all the Nine to thank a friend:
I from my heart can never cancel
The goodness of Archdeacon MAUNSELL!

A HYMN TO THE DEITY,

*Inscribed to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Ryan, of**Limerick.*

- Lord! how illustrious is thy name,
Whose pow'r both Heav'n and earth pro-
claim!
- When I the Heav'ns—thy fabric see,
The Moon and Stars dispos'd by thee;
O! what is man! or his frail race,
That Thou shouldst such a Shadow grace:
- Next to Thy Angels most renown'd,
With Majesty and Glory crown'd!
All that on dales and mountains feed,
All that the wood or desert breed,
Whate'er thro' airy region flies,
Or swim in deep or stormy seas;
Those all beneath his feet hath laid,
King—of Thy whole Creation made!
- Lord! how illustrious is thy name,
Whose pow'r both Heav'n and earth pro-
claim!

THE COTTAGE OF THE HILL.

*Addressed to Mrs. IRWIN, of Cottage,
near Loughrea, now the Lady of
D'ARCY MAHON, Esq.*

With rapture the Parnassian Choir,
With melody attune the Lyre,
Each breast with joy to fill;
And celebrate the happy spot,
Where Care and Sorrow are forgot—

The Cottage of the Hill.
The leading Graces all unite
To fix the empire of Delight,
'Twixt Forest, Lawn and Rill;
For Eden's beauties are displayed,
When fasteful Eye has once surveyed
The Cottage of the Hill.

This Paradise of ev'ry sweet,
By ANNE is render'd sweeter yet,
For she, with care and skill,
Perfection's path at will can trace,
With genuine merit still to grace
The Cottage of the Hill.
IRWIN, this cot's enlighten'd Host,
At festive board, at reigning Toast,
Arrests the Poet's Quill;
Since those prime Virtues of his Kin,
Reside without, and rest within,
The Cottage of the Hill.

A Sportsman true, as man of sense,
Who neither gives or takes offence,
And has Mankind's good will;
His actions tend to eternize,
A scene replete with all we prize,
The Cottage of the Hill.
To celebrate this happy pair,
The grateful Muse, with Heart sincere,
Shall never cease until
Ordain'd by institute Divine,
Belov'd and honor'd, THEY resign
The Cottage of the Hill.
Loughrea, 1810.

FAIRFACE'S COMPLAINT TO
HER LOVER.

As Fairface to F—zg—n did confess
Her Husband's impotence and ask'd red-
dress,
The Lover answer'd cornute him, my dear,
The "Moorish race" should horns for
ever wear;
To which Fairface replied, with grateful
case,
Ah! sir, I can't, but you may if you please.

Lo! Actæn George his fate may be the
same,
A barren George, devoid of sense and
shame!
'Tis not the George that lean'd upon the
Throne,
But George, who seldom leans upon his
own:
To ME, and to the world, he proves a
Ninny,
He gave his worthless name, but gave
no Guinea!!!

EPITAPH

*On a man named Time, who lived and
died at Letterkenny.*

Time was before Time saw the Sun,
Time was when Time his race begun;
Time ran the race all mortals must,
Was beat by Time and laid in dust!
Now Time within this pit is penn'd,
For Time, in Time has had an end—
Reader reflect, thou'rt but a breath,
Ev'n Time, by Time was worn to Death!
Improve thy Time make no delay,
For Time, in Time, is laid in clay!!

ADVICE TO A LOVER.

For many unsuccessful years,
At Lissey's feet I lay,
Bathing them often with my tears;
I sigh'd—but durst not pray.
No prostrate wretch, before the Shrine,
Of some lov'd Saint above,
E'er thought his goodness more divine,
Or paid more awful Love.
Till the disdainful Nymph look'd down
With coy insulting pride;
Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
Or turn'd her head aside.
Then Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
"Use more prevailing charms;
You modest whining fool draw near
And clasp her in your arms!
With eager kisses, tempt the maid!
From Lissey's feet depart;
Her lips you eager must invade,
And then possess her heart!
With that I shook off all the slave,
My better fortune tried;
When Lissey in one moment gave,
What she for years denied!!!

THE RECOVERY.

Fam'd Galway's propitious restorer of
health,
Who spurns not at want, and who bows
not to wealth:
Scientific WHISTLER! the Bard must re-
vere,
For merit unbounded and friendship sin-
cere!
Unrival'd you shine, and untainted by
pelf,
Your worth is acknowledged by all but—
yourself.
You us'd all endeavours to comfort and
cheer me,
Nor would you let death or despair to
come near me;
'Tis needless to mention your skill or
your bounty,
For both are approv'd by the town and
the county.
May fame and may fortune for ever be-
friend you!
And rosy Hygeia await and attend you!
This is my pray'r, and the public must
know it,
How Galway's bright Surgeon recover'd
the Poet!

IMPROMPTU

*On meeting the angelic MISS MAHON,
at Abbert, Daughter to Sir Ross
MAHON, BART.*

1
Fair MAHON! when we thy beauties trace,
How easily we find,
That nature when she form'd your face,
She copied from your mind.

2
And lest your face would make you vain,
She wisely did provide,
Beauties in your majestic mien,
To *truth* and *worth* allied!

3
Resolving that no vice should spoil,
What nature well design'd,
She made your lovely face a foil,
To *your more lovely mind*!

THE DENIAL.

Near number 0, Fitzwilliam-Square,
I met an agitating pair,
'Twas placing Diamonds in a pig's nose,
To send my Poetry to those!

Reynard the Fox, or Æsop's Fables,
Would be more welcome to their tables,
This verse-stain'd pair,* denied me for a
crown,
Such *setid weeds* have overrun the town:
Their brainless heads are lighter than
their heels,
See! Dublin shakes, beneath their whirl-
ing wheels!!!

DELIA AND DEMON, or L. and L.

On the banks of old Shannon's fair side,
Poor Demon sat pensive alone;
While the waters seem'd sadly to glide,
Responsive to his doleful moan.
"Oh! what Shepherd was e'er so distress'd!
"Why do you so hard-hearted prove!
"Say how can you behold me oppress'd,
"And heedlessly view my soft love!"
"When dear DELIA, your angelic frame,
"All lovely appear'd in my sight,
"I acknowledg'd blind Cupid's strong flame
"And own'd all his powerful might.
"But alas! you with scorn repay,
"Each proof of affection I give;
"And regardless hear all that I say—
"What mortal more wretched can live!"
"Ye earthly frail comforts adieu,
"Since DELIA her bosom has steel'd;
"I in vain the bright charmer pursue,
"And rest the grave only can yield.
"May the youth who her favour shall gain,
"And happily reign in her soul;
"Ne'er cause her a moment of pain,
"Nor ever her actions controul!"
"Dear Shepherds, how could I contrive!
"Her favour and friendship to win;
"I'll stifle my bees in the hive,
"No doubt she will call that a sin.
"I'll give her, hive, honey, and *all*,
"Of that I could never make pelf,
"She wants not a present so small,
"For my DELIA's all honey herself."
Then by chance lovely DELIA was near,
And heard all my mournful tale;
And, desirous to banish my care,
Did for him her passion reveal.
"My fond Demon, I was but in jest,
"When I feign'd your true love to despise;
"Could with you ever be blest;
"No object so dear to my eyes."
The glad Shepherd in transport of joy,
The FAIR ONE to his bosom press'd,
She forgot that she ever was coy,
And clasp'd the swain to her fond breast.
Then to Chapel the Nymph he convey'd,
Where Hymen's mild-knot was fast tied,
He a Bridegroom most happy was made;
And she a delectable Bride!!!

* The Count and Countess of Mill-Frize, an hereditary Title in this accidental and accidental family.

ON THE BIRTH, LIFE, AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

*Inscribed to the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly,
Tuam.*

1

Angels announce to man the joyful theme,
While grateful man with raptur'd An-
gels joins,
Let all Creation the God-man proclaim,
Who came to bless us from a virgin's
loins.

2

Not uninspir'd, the Bard his worth can tell,
Orsing, or celebrate his wond'rous birth!
Who, tho' immortal born, thought fit to
dwell
With miserable mortals upon earth.

3

On earth a feeble infant for man's sake,
Eternal praise to him shall still be given,
Who wisely thus ordain'd, that he might
make
*Lost man become the Child of saving
Heaven!*

4

Our Lord anointed was a willing slave,
That he from bonds of sin might set us
free,
And make us hope beyond the time-worn
grave,
(Thro' him alone,) for bless'd Eternity!

5

High, tho' enthron'd, the Seraphims above,
Whence ev'ry sacramental grace must
flow:
He from his pure and providential love,
Gave peace and charity to man below.

6

The LIVING GOD (grand mystery) has died;
Proud reason cease thy vain unhallow'd
strife;
CHRIST is our model, and his law our
guide,
The SAVIOUR died to give eternal life.

THE SUICIDE.

Addressed to the Ladies.

Scenes of mirth and joy, farewell!
Sudly let the muse complain;
Here her piteous story tell;
Render not her efforts vain.
Ye who tender passions know,
Ye whose breath with fury burns;
Listen to the tale of woe;
Drop a tear at Damon's urn.

And you, ye fair example take
From this affecting story;
Nor still persist the heart to break
Of Lovers who adore ye.
Who, to your charms shall make pretense
And with addresses teize you,
If virtue, beauty, wit, and sense,
In vain combine to please you.
Let Damon's fate your pity share,
Who sought young Mira's heart to gain,
But Mira cruel, cruel Fair,
Return'd his passion with disdain.
Lo! at her feet he sues for grace,
Sighs, more than words his flame dis-
cover,
Whilst trickling down his lovely face,
The big round drops confess'd the lover!
In vain his tears, in vain his sighs,
For Mira frowning bids him leave her,
Yes, I'll obey her Damon cries,
And rather die than ever grieve her!
He draws the sword in wild despair,
Poor Mira trembled, wept, and blab-
ber'd,
Nine times he flourish'd it in air,
And plung'd it, plung'd it in—the scab-
bard!!!

LINES

*On a Publican of the name of DEATH,
now living in Belfast.*

O! call not here ye sottish wights,
For purl, nor ale, nor gin,
For if you stop, who e'er alights,
By Death is taken in!
Where having eat and drank your fill,
Should you (O hapless case!)
Neglect to pay your Landlord's bill,
Death stares you in the face!
With grief sincere, I pity those
Who've drawn themselves this scrape in,
Since from his dreadful gripe heav'n
knows,
Alas! there's no escaping!
This one advice, my friends pursue,
While yet you've life and breath,
Ne'er pledge your best; for if you do,
You'll surely—drink to Death!!

THE GOLDEN RACE.

He that will win the prize in Honor's
race,
Must nearer to the goal still mend his
pace.
Hippomenes who ran with noble strife,
To win his Lady, or to lose his life.
What shifts some men will make to get a
wife:

Threw down a Golden apple in her way,
For all her haste she could not choose but
stay ;

Renown said, *run*: the glitt'ring prize
cry'd hold !

The man might have been hang'd, but for
his gold ;

She saw, she sigh'd ; her nimble feet re-
fuse,

Their wonted speed; and she took pains to
lose. DRYDEN.

So when Hippomanes beheld the race,
Where loss was death and conquest but
face ;

He stood astonish'd, at the fatal strife ;
Wond'ring how love should dearer be than
life :

But when he saw the prize, no longer
staid,

But thro' these very dangers sought the
maid,

And won her too—as James* hath won
my Daughter,

Who ran a zig-zag race!—and for his
Anvil bought her!

THE HAPPY STATE.

In search of happiness in vain,

How oft poor mortals rove,
Attend, be taught, let reason reign !

You'll find it fix'd in love !
Let each unruly thought subside,

That late oppress'd thy mind ;
Seek one dear object ; there confide,

If happiness you'd find.
Unnumber'd ills, (a ghastly train !)

On dissipation wait,
Unthinking youth oft feels the pang,

But feels it when too late :
Dispel those false destructive fires,

Their transient charms disperse,
A slave no more to care desires,

Observe the blest reverse.
To bright MARIA Heav'n ordain'd

The young PALEMEN's share ;
In him the Nymph despotic reign'd,

As he within the fair.
With him, each joy, each care, she knows,

And bears an equal part :
From her dear breast sweet comfort flows,

Flows truly from the heart.
In mutual love, supremely blest,

No anxious cares intrude ;
For aught that could alarm their rest,

By virtue is subdued.
To Hymen then your tribute pay,

Embrace their envied fate,
Connubial love shall truth repay,

And crown the happy state ! !

* Mr. James Arrowsmith.

CUPID'S PLUMES.

1

As I cheerfully stray'd by LAMINCHÉ's side,
With HEEB, the maid of my heart,
In a tuft of green sedges we Cupid espied,
Culling feathers to furnish a dart.

2

Undiscern'd by the urchin, we silent re-
main'd,

His labours attentively view'd !

While the arch little wag by his Godship
explain'd

The mystical work he pursued !

3

“ So various in temper, the females are
found,

My art to a science I've brought :

'Tis by practical knowledge I now fix the
wound,

To rule o'er the sex as I ought.

4

For the talkative miss, pert, loquacious
and loud,

From the parrot's green wing I provide ;
And the juy's gaudy plumage shall reach

in the crow'd,
The minx that is fashion'd by pride.

5

From the sorrowful warbler that sings in
the grove,

Sad Philomel plaintively sweet,

Some feathers I've stolen for despondence
in love,

To soften their woes in retreat.

6

For the painted coquette most effectually
vain,

The peacock has granted supply ;

And to those who at midnight support fol-
ly's train,

Owl-wing'd my keen arrows shall fly.”

7

Then perceiv'd by his Godship, he guz'd
with surprize,

And seeing us near to depart,

Here's modesty's portion, exulting he
cries,

And lodg'd it in HEEB's young heart !

8

To my arms the chaste maiden then in-
stantly flew,

And bid me the anguish remove ;

From her bosom with rapture the arrow
I drew,

Fledg'd with down from the breast of
a dove.

STANZAS.

On Miss Blake, Daughter to Sir John
Blake, of Menlo-Castle, County Galway,
Bart.

Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit
Error.—VIA.

1.

Thou God of song the Bard illumine,
In purer strains of Greece and Rome,
A higher flight to take;
These bright perfections to record,
That centre in each deed and word
Of beauteous, blooming BLAKE.

2.

She is a Paradise of sweets,
Whom fond desire with rapture greets,
And fame will ne'er forsake,
The Venus that Apelles drew,
Is rivall'd on a nearer view,
By charming, lovely BLAKE.

3.

Sir Walter's Northern Nymph* divine,
An Angel, she in every line,
So great a fuss who make;
With rage and disappointment fill'd,
Pre-eminence must clearly yield,
To fair, Hebenian BLAKE.

4.

With balmy lips and speaking eye,
And peerless grace in full supply,
That marble hearts would break;
She gives to Love a purer zest
And shines a Nonpareil at least,
So perfect, matchless BLAKE.

5.

Alas! said FLORA, with a tear,
No more my roses can appear,
My Flow'rets I forsake;
For, oh! their boasted red and white,
Their softness, fragrance, *all* unite
In rosy-tinctur'd BLAKE.

6.

The Sun one-half his rays supplies,
From the bright lustre of her eyes,
In his diurnal freak;
And as he journies round the sphere,
Can never see ONE half so fair,
As our Conatian BLAKE.

7.

In judgment sound and reason clear,
Unrivall'd and without compeer,
Fair QUEEN of Corrib's Lake:
For should the richest fancy form
A beauty to admire and charm,
Her type—is beauteous BLAKE.

8.

The music of her voice and lyre,
In spathy would wake desire,
And does her *worth* bespeak:
Then happy HE who doth possess,
So rich a hoard of loveliness,
As JANE, th' Angelic BLAKE.

CHOOSE FOR YOURSELF.

WHATE'ER philosophers may chatter;
Who know but little of the matter,
The greatest comforts of our life,
Are, a good horse—and a good wife:
One for domestic consolation,
And one for health and recreation.
Be cautious then, but not too nice;
Nor listen to each fool's advice:
Nor guided by the public voice,
But by your reason, make your choice.

My horse was old and broken-winded,
Yet this myself I hardly minded;
But by my neighbours I was told.
That when a horse grows stiff and old,
If urg'd to speed—'tis ten to one,
He trips and throws his rider down.

I listen'd then to their advice,
And bought a colt—(at no small price :)
A stately steed, that on the road
Would proudly prance beneath his load.
But this Bucephalus, again,
Put my young family in pain;
Who cordially express'd their fears,
That I, a man advanc'd in years,
Regardless of my own dear neck,
Should undertake a colt to break.
You are too wise, dear sir, I know,
To hazard thus your life for show;
Risk then no subject for remorse,
But part with this unruly horse!

I next a pony would have bought,
An useful scrub: but here 'twas thought,
(Such is my son's and daughter's pride,)
It was too mean for me to ride.
Dear sir! said they, it is not fit
For you to mount this paltry tit:
It were as well almost, alas!
To ride, like Balaam, on an ass.

'Tis thus in choosing of a horse;
In choosing of a wife—'tis worse,
Handsome or homely; young or old:
Chaste or unchaste; a wit; a scold;
Howe'er she proves, how vain she la-
bours.

To please her prying, busy neighbours,
Then please yourself; or else for life
Give up that useful thing—a wife.

* The Lady of the Lake, written by Sir Walter Scott.

SLEEP.

Oh! thou, the parent of all true delight,
 Supreme comfort mortals feel below;
 Whose pow'r oblivial puts to eager flight,
 Life's greatest torments, Poverty & Woe.
 O'er this weak frame thy soothing influence
 send,
 Appease the tumults of my troubled breast,
 And on my dewy eyelids quick distend
 Thy golden wings and usher me to rest.
 Come, gentle Sleep! that woes the close
 of day,
 And pleasing dreams, whence lov'd ideas
 rise,
 That on thy footsteps e'er attending wait;
 Oh, come & chase the gloom of care away,
 For torn from Limerick by resistless fate,
 'Tis thou alone canst stop my tears and
 sighs!!

THE LILY AND VIOLET,

PRESENTED LATELY TO MRS. L.....T,
 A LADY OF DISTINGUISHED VIRTUE.

HAIL, fairest flow'r that claims our praise,
 Thou striking type of tender years;
 Like thee the flower of life decays
 Almost as soon as it appears.

The violet sweet in morning bloom,
 Display'd around its youthful pride;
 Scarce was the sober ev'ning come,
 When touch'd, it wither'd, droop'd, and
 died.

But there's a Flower that never fades,
 More brilliant far than smiles of May;
 'Tis not the growth of earthly meads,
 It blossoms in eternal day.

'Tis VIRTUE fair, supernal love,
 Fruitful in qualities refin'd;
 Fed with the dew of heav'n above,
 And planted in the human mind.

EPITAPH

ON A TYRANNICAL LORDLING.

Here lies—thank Heav'n! we see him
 dead,
 The Usurer's Jackall, whose each shred
 Made up, not like old Joseph's coat,
 With what base villains have by rote,
 But a sly, slandering, brainless elf,
 Who thought of no man but himself,
 Who made the village all a gloom,
 And left but bonds in freedom's room,
 Defied stern truth—and when he died,
 At his last gasp, call'd God—and lied!!

EPITAPH ON A POET.

Here lies a Poet, where's the great sur-
 prise,
 Since all men know, a Poet deals in lies.
 His Patrons know, they don't deserve
 his praise:
 He knows he never meant it in his lays,
 Knows where he promises he never pays.
 Verse stands for sack, his knowledge for
 the score,
 Both out, he's gone, where Poets went
 before:
 And at departing, let the waiters know
 He'd pay his reck'ning, in the realms below.

THE DECLINE OF WIT.

WIT once was known a blithesome boy
 A rosy youth, right full of glee:
 The cot or palace was his own,
 Where none so welcome was as he.
 Behind his back a budget fraught
 With many a trick and many a tale,
 He lightly bore with jocund heart,
 And sung adown the flow'ry vale.
 The pleasure of his pearly cheeks,
 His glances shot on every side,
 His skips and bounds, and frolic leaps,
 Bespoke a heart that care defied.
 'Mong high-born dames and ladies fair,
 And Lords, and Earls, and barons bold,
 More welcome he than April suns,
 His geer more precious far than gold.
 Sometimes he called himself a Bard,
 And then of strife and combats sung;
 Sometimes a minstrel and his harp,
 With some old legend loudly rung.
 And then, anon, a Troubadour,
 To love he tun'd his voice so sweet,
 Till souls have melted at his song,
 And Lords have died at Ladies' feet.
 If he in playful mood were seen,
 Infants would in his bosom creep;
 Or if some tragic tale he told,
 The roughest warrior there would weep.
 And never was in clamour drown'd,
 That voice so various in delight;
 The lips were curs'd that gave him light,
 For all hearts yearn'd to do him right.

PARTING AND MEETING.

There's a tear—that falls when we part
 From a friend, whose loss we shall
 mourn;
 There's a tear—that flows from the half-
 broken heart,
 When we think he may never return.
 Then all that in absence we dread,
 Is past and forgotten in pain; (shed,
 For sweet is the tear we at such moments
 When we meet the lov'd object again!

ON FAME.

FAME, of all evils, flies the swiftest course,
 And in its motion gathers greater force ;
 The softest whispers secretly conceal'd
 In loudest clamors are by fame reveal'd :
 Along the earth her feet she swiftly bears
 Above the clouds her lofty forehead rears.
 The earth enrag'd at th' immortal ire,
 Produc'd (last titan birth) this monster dire.
 Swiftly she walks, and yet more swiftly flies,
 A monster vast, and of gigantic size :
 As many plumes as her vast members bear,
 So many wakeful eyes beneath appear,
 As many tongues, as many ears are found,
 Spreading a clamor, bearing every sound,
 'Twixt heav'n and earth by night she noisy flies, (eyes :
 Nor slumber e'er does close her wakeful
 On top of palaces by day she sits,
 Or on the top of lofty turrets lights,
 She mighty cities frights with groundless fears,
 And truth and lies promiscuously declares.

THE TEAR.

1 On beds of snow the moon-beams slept,
 And chilly was the midnight gloom.
 When by a damp grave Lissy wept,
 Poor Maid ! it was her Lover's tomb !
 2. The warm tear gush'd—the wintry air
 Congeal'd it as it flow'd away ;
 Till morn it lay an ice-drop there,
 At morn it glitter'd in the ray.
 3. An Angel wand'ring from her sphere,
 Beheld this bright—this frozen gem :
 To dew-ey'd pity gave the tear
 And hung it on her diadem.—1768.

ODE ON LEARNING.

Fleeting joys of short-liv'd pleasure,
 Riches, honor, wealth or pow'r,
 All I wove for learning's treasure,
 Bounteous goddess ! yield thy store.
 Bless'd with thy sublime sensation,
 Round the world my fancy roves ;
 Thought expands thro' ev'ry nation,
 Learns how ev'ry planet moves.
 Kings and mighty monarchs greet thee,
 With their patronage and pow'r ;
 All with eager steps to meet thee,
 To enjoy a pleasing hour.
 Teach my soul, O ! heav'n-born Learning !
 Knit, O knit ! my heart to thee,
 Give me wisdom—true discerning ;
 Lasting joys that never flee !

THE EPITAPH.

When the great Admiral of the world shall call,
 To heave o'er deck the good, the bad,—
 and all !
 In Heav'n's high logbook may it then appear,
 That Billy King had kept his reck'ning clear !

AN EPITAPH

ON MR. ISAAC JACOB JOLLY,
 OF LAUGH-GLYNN.

Hence let melancholy fly,
 Grief should not, near Jolly lie,
 Jolly—whether wrong or right,
 Jolly—tho' no gainer by't,
 Jolly—ill or well— all one,
 Jolly—ever and anon.
 Jolly—when oppress'd with cares,
 Jolly—even at his pray'rs.
 Jolly—o'er his beef and wine,
 Jolly—tho' he could not dine.
 Jolly—o'er his Patrick's pot,
 Jolly—when he had it not.
 Jolly—with a scolding wife,
 Jolly—praying for his life.
 Jolly—here—in darkness deep,
 Jolly—taking his long sleep.
 Jolly—Readers more wont crave,
 Jolly's—Jolly in the grave.

LINES

On hearing a rich, but narrow-minded
 man in Limerick called great.
 Not all of wealth, not all of state,
 Can make thee proud Mundungus great,
 When nature, who design'd the whole,
 Has form'd thee with a little soul !

IMPROMPTU

On seeing the beautiful Mrs. Blosset,
 (now of Dublin.)
 Oft has my Galway's wave-worn shore,
 The noon-tide rose, the brilliant oar,
 With conq'ring eye display'd ;
 Yet modest of superior sway,
 Our Roses gave this Pink the way,
 And dignity convey'd—
 Thus like the Solar beam still shine,
 Her Sex's pride Montgomery's line,
 May Fortune's ills ne'er cross it.—
 But future Bards at once conspire,
 To string the fond, obedient Lyre,
 To charming, heav'nly Blosset.
 Dublin, 1792.

THE AUTHOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS BOOK.

TO thee! tho' I look'd up for fame,
My Genius I widely mistook;
For Critics will put me to shame
By damning the Bard and his Book.

Like Moles—I've incessantly toil'd,
And fitter vocation forsook;
But all my fond hopes were despoil'd
When once I had publish'd a Book.

These Legions that cavil and sneer,
The dictates of reason won't brook;
Since dullness divested of fear,
Mispoints still the fescue to the Book.

The Miser, cock-sure that a shilling,
Would purchase both fame and good
To cavil is constantly willing, [luck:
Lest he should suberibe to the Book.

The Cit at the head of a plum,
And plodding at barter and truck;
Unknown and unheard will foredoom,
The Printer, the Bard and the Book.

The Squireling and flimsy Lordeen,
As hoarse and as harsh as a rook;
Are eager in venting their spleen,
At what they are told is—a Book.—

The Doctor with Caxon Galenic
And looks that would blister or puke:
Exhibits the rage of a Cynic,
To physic the Bard and his Book.

The orthodox *Child of the Chapel*,
A type of St. Paul, and St. Luke,
From Eden, for less than an apple,
Would banish the Bard and his Book.

The Lawyer and wise Legislator,
To Chatham superior and Coke:
Will punish the Bard as a Traitor,
Who writes or exhibits a Book.

The Soldier who reads without thinking,
Envelop'd in fire and smoke;
As oft as he's dreaming or drinking,
Will damn both himself and the Book.

The Farmer and sprucer Mechanic,
At learning who make a dead poke;
Must put the poor Bard in a panic,
So freely they rail at his Book.

The witting so vain of his parts,
To vie both with Fielding and Brook;
Is eager to point all the darts,
That malice can aim at the Book.

The Pedant as sour as a Crab is,
And sharp as a pike or a hook;
At Gender and Case such a dab is,
He clinches the fate of the Book.

Thus Dunces who have in all ages,
Their taste and their talents mistook;
Run blindfold along all its pages,
In hopes to *be-devil* the Book.

Besides that the learned *Reviewers*,
With eyes of old Argus who look:
May prove themselves final *Un-do-ers*,
By frowning at once on the Book.

But judgment, refin'd by good nature,
Small errors will freely o'erlook;
Great Anglesea graces each feature,
And buoys the poor Bard and his Book.

THE SAME, TO THE SAME.

Ah! luckless Child! born in a wretched hour,
Like Brats, their Parents are asham'd to own:
How wilt thou struggle with the Critic's pow'r!
And unprotected meet the Despot's frown.

Behold, a Phalanx from oblivion's Court;
Priest, Poet, Fopling, Schoolmaster and Squire;
To pay in earnest what I *lent in sport*;
And what the learned and the good admire.

Alas! poor Child! of Fancy's frolic hour,
Where shall thy weakness for protection fly?
Haste! *Muse!* away! to fair Killarney's Bow'r;
There seek repose,—and there to *live or—die*.

FINIS.

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&c. &c. &c.

COPY OF LINES

PRESENTED TO THE

MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA,

By the hands of Lieutenant Colonel O'Grady, when he was graciously pleased to give permission to the Author to dedicate the present work to him.



The Request.

1

Great ANGLESEA ! Ierne's Friend,
IERNE'S Muse Petitions,
With humble hope you'd deign to mend
The worst of all conditions.

2

The Bard presents his woeful case,
By Fate's unequal carving.
Expectant of some humble place,
To keep the Muse from starving.

3

His age* is great, his means are fled !
The world may disrespect him,
Nor has he any hope for Bread,
He's sure you'll not neglect him !

4

His works would sell, thro' Erin's Isle,
O'er that once happy Nation,
Should you, my Lord ! but deign to smile,
T' accept the Dedication !

5

The troubled soul, when danger's nigh,
Doth seek some blest retreat,
Then where should want or weakness fly,
Save to the good and great !

* Seventy-seven.—1831.

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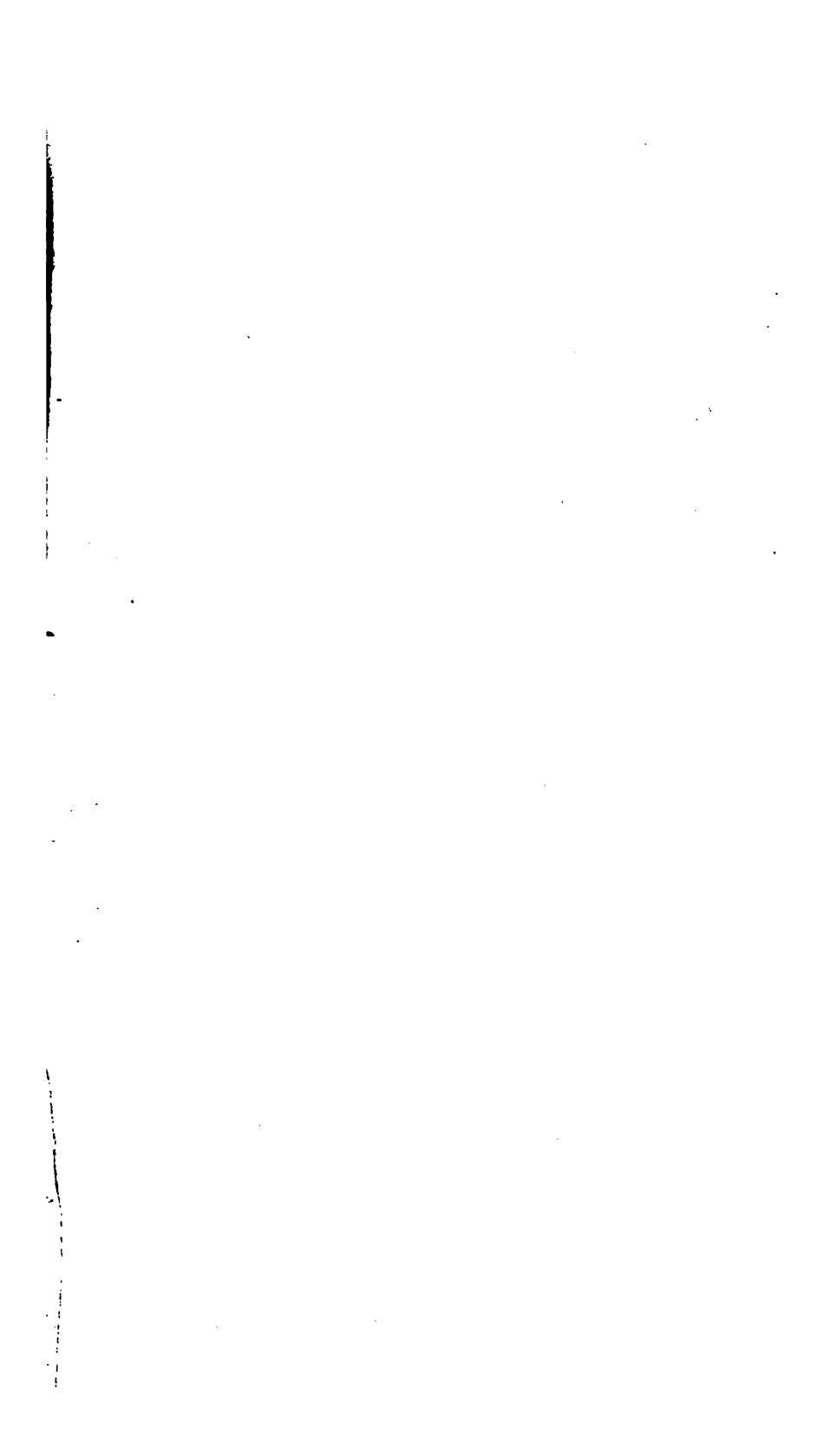
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EXTRACT of a LETTER from DUBLIN to LIMERICK.

I'll reveal the Christmas with Patrick Fitzpatrick,
 So fam'd for sound Judgment, for Lore, and for Law trick.
 An *honest* Attorney with gentle demeanour,
 He shines at his Board as a kind entertainer.
 With him was the Poet transcendantly happy,
 His wine it was good and his beef it was sappy.
 His merit unbounded, his worth and his praise,
 Must bloom in my Couplets and live in my Lays.

• My Friend for Hospitality is known,
 He makes the Bottles bleed! without a groan!!!





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